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THE ROD AND THE STREAM: A DISCOURSE OF ANGLING.

———“A poor gentleman’s pastime, sir;
It takes us from the gaze and haunts of men,
And the best of it is—’tis independent.”

THERE are a sort of people—chiefly Cockneys, to whom the filth and noisome crowding of cities has, by habit, become delightful—or boobies, to whom an hour of their own company is—and with no great wonder—perfectly intolerable—who affect to laugh—as far as the horrid bray they utter can be called a laugh—at those who delight in the sport of Fishing. The “he, he!” of a wretch of this description—whose chosen Paradise on earth is the lobby of Covent-Garden Theatre—with its exquisite accompaniments of gas-light, and Jew finery, and ribald gabble—is, to clean people, particularly disgusting. Such a fellow is unwholesome. He is like a fungus that springs in a cellar, or a house-rat peculiar to a drain or a dust-hole—a thing that nature never created room for; and who is a diseased excrescence arising upon civilization—like a wart upon an alderman’s nose, offspring of excessive turtle and good living. And this rogue is not the necessary result of mere town inhabitation; neither; but savours of other vices in great variety—such as slipshoes and ungartered stockings—small beer in a morning, (where strong cannot be had)—a dog-fight (to look at), or a game at skittles in a shed—a horror of damp feet, and a love of half-crown hops, and a dirty blanket. I can hardly conceive a

more inexcusable beast—myself—than a lover of the mere *dwelling* in towns. A lover of their luxury—of their show—of their concentrated enjoyment—I can understand!—but who can command these? A handful of people—a decimal of mankind a thousand times decimally divided. Pah! and they tire very fast, even when you have them. But a poor man in London—or Liverpool! a haunter of minor theatres, cider-cellars, two shilling ordinaries, and Chancery-Lane debating societies! How the back garret of No. 43, Hyde Street, Bloomsbury, finds an occupant—why any man will be a banker’s bill clerk, who has arms, and might be a ploughman—or a private dragoon—this is the thing that I cannot understand! Oh, the breeze, the bonnie breeze! I can’t feel with a man who loves Fleet Street—Flower de Luce Court—Doctors Commons—and such vicinities. I like a highwayman better—for even he has a smack of fresh air upon him. I like Cobbett—in spite of all his roaring bull brutalities—for that the rogue has a taste for the fields, and the hedges, and the trees—and revels in the beauty of a prospect—though he does not cull the “Florist’s Dictionary” for fine words in describing it. I am sure that you cannot humiliate human nature effectually anywhere but in towns—in a

highly cultivated society. The slaves whom I saw driven to field-labour in the West Indies, had sinews—limbs; there was brute strength—and mere strength is respectable—which could have scattered their task-masters, like chaff before the tempest, if it had been put forth. The peasant of Ireland starved upon a half-cold potato in a mud-walled cabin; but he was every inch a man. I never saw a mass of beings quite helpless—hopeless—apparently without a thought, or a desire, belonging to humanity or free agency left—till I saw the inmates of a London “work-house.” I had rather have beheld as many wretches on the wheel, or at the gibbet—they had better have died, and ceased to be human, than lived, and ceased to be such. The creatures were emasculated—they had no life left—no sense of vice or virtue—no sense of suffering, beyond stripes—and those they would have returned thanks for. The men!—they were not men—they looked, and spoke, and moved, as though they had lost *caste*. Even the women were listless, and *silent*—they seemed to have lost their sex—the temper and privilege of it—the only remnant of human feeling left seemed to be a desire to ask alms—and even this was rebuked under the eye of a “beadle.” And were these beings of the same species with ourselves!—by Heaven, the dog that followed me passed by without acknowledging them for such. The breeze—the breeze—the bonnie breeze! I never feel the breath of nature—for in towns there is no such thing left—winter or summer—blowing on my cheek, but I say—The original punishment put upon man for disobedience, was, that he should cease to be an agriculturist, and become a manufacturer!

And therefore it is—for one cause—that I like Fishing—for that it is an amusement to be enjoyed in the open air—at some distance, at least, from tall narrow, flat-roofed, smoke-dried, brick-built, edifices;—more greatly, because it is an amusement

which may be solitary—you may enjoy it alone—or in the company of one friend—or two—as you please;—and still more especially, because it is quiet—rather indolent—cheap—and within the command of a man, who may have a taste for seeing the sun and the sky—though he cannot afford to keep a pack of hounds—and have a splendid mansion—or in good sooth even to keep a single horse—as times go—or maintain any house, or mansion at all.

For I am a qualified man; but I have no land—nor likelihood of any; and it is robbery to go shooting upon the grounds of those who have—killing their game—when they can kill none of mine anywhere in return—without their permission;—and I don’t understand asking the freedom of a man’s preserve, any more than of his purse, unless I can offer, somewhere or other, the *quid pro quo* that balances the account between us. The fair, honourable, Game-law, is nothing more than the compact, between a number of men who possess a particular species of property, to possess certain rights or courtesies in that property, not individually, but in common. It is convenient that I should change the scene for my diversion; or business calls me from home; and I wish to enjoy my sport on the ground where I am. While I shoot upon the lands of Z. in Shropshire, if Z. shoots over mine in Norfolk, the benefit is reciprocal; but I have no lands—and therefore I will not shoot at all. And then for hunting—that is a sport that must be enjoyed in a mob—which alone, to me, constitutes an objection. You are associated with fifty people—forty-nine of whom you hate: and, besides, I detest “large parties” in any shape—no dinner ought to exceed six—and one does better still with four. And moreover, here, you must possess a valuable horse, and a booby servant—which many an honest gentleman cannot compass; and, after all, you must follow in the train of some man of greater wealth and influence than yourself—a sort of peo-

ple for whom I have no ill feeling, but a very due regard and respect—only it is a business-like respect—we may be friends, but we cannot be intimates. The “acquaintance” of such persons does not suit me. I have no title of *equality* in the castle; therefore—though I don’t burn it down—or libel its proprietor—I desire to keep out of it. The lord is of too heavy metal for my friendship. I must choose my ground, or be run down by him; as a haggard logger brandy boat does not care too much for the company of an Indian, or a five hundred ton steam packet. And, in the field, where the great man has his stud, and his hounds, and his array of servants,—and his house to back all—and still more, his pack of *quasi* dependants—that is, the people who are content to *bow* and *dine*—I find no blame for them—to support him—such a rogue is over powerful. He shines upon me too much; and I droop in the gorgeous blaze. But on the banks of a glorious river, where a long train destroys all chance of success; among marshes, where one foot of a man is worth a horse’s all four; and where an active game-keeper—or still more active rogue—a poacher, can walk away, and laugh, from all the force of thirty thousand acres, or three hundred thousand consols—there I am on free ground—and “my name is Mac-Gregor!” Let the man of money come to the scratch—for fight or courtesy, he shall be welcome.

“Ah, my lord! that ditch was too wide! No harm, I hope?—your hand,—I’ll help your lordship out.”

“I beg pardon—I’m very much indebted—Captain C—, if I don’t mistake?”

“Lieutenant only, my lord—Lieutenant—at your lordship’s service.”

“I beg pardon—Lieutenant—, since you desire it.—Have you taken anything this morning, may I ask, Lieutenant C.?”

“Just a brace, my lord—about four pounds each—small—but it serves to pass the time.—Lie down, Ponto!—Just call your greyhounds

in, my friend. Ha!—there comes another ‘run.’”

Here comes an invitation to the Castle; which it makes *somebody* perhaps of you—to decline—very politely; but which you would be *nobody* if you accepted. And people’s manors, and waters—through the neighbourhood—are all open to you; first, because you are known not to desire the permission; and, next, because, when you have it, it is seen that you make no use of it.

Therefore, let a poor gentleman, I say, *FISH*.—And then—about the manner of fishing—the places—and the fish to fish for; all which may be managed—very much to my simple pleasure and entertainment—without any of the fuss that people are apt to make about it;—I don’t object so much to the fuss in itself perhaps; but—so many people (like me) can’t afford it;—and (unlike me) are ashamed to speak plainly out, and say so.

I don’t fish for trout, myself; because, in England—except in preserved waters—(about which I’ll say a word anon)—there is no trout-fishing—that ever I could meet with. A few of half a pound or a pound a-piece may be got in various places; and occasionally, in many rivers, a very few very large ones; but there are very few indeed—hardly worth going after. In Scotland, you get good trouts; but I can’t make it convenient to live there. And, in Ireland, you have good salmon; but if there were whales, one could not live *there*—so that I give up trout-fishing.

Then roach-fishing is ladies’ work. Piddling with little rogues of four ounces weight, and making great play with a horse hair—I don’t understand.—I have read, in books, of salmon killed with a single hair; but I never believed a word of it—and I would advise my readers not to believe any of it neither.

Then barbel run large, and are a bold-biting, dashing fish; but—there are too many of them; and again—though one does not fish for the gain

of the prey, yet it is a drawback on the fancy—they are fit for nothing when you have them. The best thing a gentleman can do, who has taken a barbel of twelve pounds' weight, is to take the hook out of his month, and put him into the water again. But besides, the most killing mode of fishing for them—sitting in a boat, with a dead line—lying on the bottom—is dull, and I don't like it.

The carp and tench are pond fish; and I don't like fishing in a pond—though a finer flavoured fish than the tench never swam in fresh water. And perch—though they are pictures to look at!—the “gold fish”—the “yellow snapper” of the Carribee Seas—and even the gaudy “parrot fish”—sink into shade beside them—yet, where they are numerous, they seldom (in rivers) reach any considerable size. But JACK FISHING is my favourite sport; and where they run large, a gentleman, I think, need desire no better.

So now—out with you—before seven o'clock, in a fine gray morning in October. If there is a little fog hangs upon the trees and hedges—as though nature had not pulled her night-clothes off yet—not matter. I like a fog—if it is not in a foggy country; with good cultivation, and on a gravelly soil, fog never did anybody any harm. Those that talk about colds and sore throats—let them go back to Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

Away out with you, I say! when civilized sluggards are asleep; and birds and beasts—nature's free commoners—unscared as yet by the traffic of man, are all gaily and happily just awaking. There is your garden, as you pass it, full of linnets and hedge sparrows—plundering away like mad! there won't be one left two hours hence, when the sun is broadly up, and hinds and maid-servants are stirring. The horses, left out in the farm-yards all night, are stretching their heads over the gates, expecting the morning's provender from each new-comer; and the sheep stand looking very quietly at you

through the gaps in the hedges as you pass—with very thinking faces—as if considering when the mist will clear away—and it is on the move now—not in a brown or yellow “London” tint—but of a fine pure fleecy whiteness:—but the sunbeams are on the ridges of the hills, and on the tops of the tallest trees already; and in five minutes they will be upon your own head; and you will then be walking up to your middle only in the fog—with the lower part of your person veiled, and the upper part open and obvious—looking like the ghost of Banquo up to his knees in clouds, upon a platform at Drury Lane theatre.

Then away with you—the first in the field—the earliest ploughman a trifle behind you!—as you pass your few hundred yards along the high road, no chimney smoking yet—unless it is the baker's; and the white blinds and shutters still hanging out their signal of peace before every window frame. Come! you are lightly equipped. One rod only; a single rod—and a single barrel—are always enough for sport—and you don't want slaughter. Your creel at your back: one spare top, and your landing-hook bagged with the rod. A fairly filled kettle with bait, if you want live fish; and there is no “lock-man,” or weir-keeper, likely to supply you: but your dead baits carry better, if you kill them first;—roll well in bran, and they keep twelve hours without losing their brightness. Then, your few sandwiches, and small flask of true Cogniac—a fisher should have no appetite until he has taken enough to satisfy it—and away with you! across the common; through the stubble-fields; and keep the path well; for the grass is wet, and there is no utility in getting wet feet while you can avoid it; and now—as you reach the rise—there the view of the stream breaks immediately below you!—as smooth as a looking-glass yet—for the breeze is not up—and not a ripple upon its surface, but where perhaps some early-rising fish jumps at a crum or a

fly;—but then they jump gently—as if afraid to disturb the rest—and with the lively dashing spring that you will take your last jack with, when the rogue plunges about, impatient for a delayed supper—about five o'clock in the afternoon!

So, now you reach the water!—there is not a soul within view—not a house with a mile. And nobody but that large rat that just swims boldly across the stream—as if coming home after a night's debauch—to dispute the sovereignty of the creation—as far as you can look over it—with you.

He has been killing frogs, for the day's maintenance, this ogre of the lake: open his hole, and you will find the carcasses of some dozen in it: some half eaten, and others newly slain. The morning is just deliciously up now—the dewdrops are sparkling, like gems, upon the hedges and grass. The lovely green of the pollards and willow sparkles out white-ly under the first ray of the sun; and you may just begin to feel that there will be warmth enough, towards the middle of the day, if you desire it. The distant hills are all clear now, with their dark wooded verdure. The weir below, in the bend of the stream, foams as beautifully as a natural cataract; and the fall of water keeps a steady—monotonous—not unpleasing—sound, as it rushes on the ear.

There is not an object in nature to me so beautiful and soothing as a still river, winding through a cultivated country, with hills—not mountains—they are not necessary—in the distance. My associations of the sea are not pleasant. They are the recollections of war—of toil—of hurry—nuisance—or convenience—perhaps danger. A ship of war, with its mathematical arrangement—punctilious cleanness—and tutored population; or a dirty transport, with its accommodations and vile society. The whole has been offence—against the reason and senses; business—to say the least of it—which is the horrible part of existence, not the pleasurable.

Now by a river, all my remembrances are of careless, shining, happy days and hours: Fresh wholesome scents—a pleasant turf to walk—the walk itself a work of choice—of temptation from the beauty of everything round. Besides—as to the boasted view—the sea—humbly apart—I think the sea is the less picturesque. Taken as *the sea*—without reference to shore—and dependent of rock, or creek, or bay—certainly it is so. There is too much brightness—too much of one object:—the picture wants setting—the eye wants relief. A river running through a glorious landscape, is like a splendid mirror among the furniture of a room. Cover three sides of the room—the floor and ceiling—with looking-glass (here you have the sea,) and the beauty of the decoration is at an end. I doubt if any description of objects can bear to be seen in too great masses. If you look at a whole boarding-school of girls at once, you often decide that there is no great handsomeness;—you feel dissatisfied and disappointed; where, taken one by one, you would find, perhaps, abundance to delight.

But you have reached the river. Keep away from the water while you live:—for let a jack once get a glimpse of you, and your chance (of him) is gone for this time. Put your rod together at a respectful distance! See that your rings stand even. Put up the bag and odd appointments carefully; every angler should be neat and careful. My father who—rest his soul!—was one of the best I ever knew, used to say that it did not cost him twenty shillings a-year for tackle: I dare say he often thinks now of the many good days' trolling we have had together. A little lower down, there is a gap in the bank,—give your baits fresh water. Your reel,—is it carefully fitted, or does it tie? Your landing hook—lay it ready—there is no time to be fetching it when it is wanted. And now then—to bait—first deciding in what way you mean to fish.

Now you may fish for jack in three

ways : that is to say, in three sound and sufficient ways ; all good : and the only question is, which suits best the quality of your weather and your water.

You may "troll;" and you know how this is done? Take your dead fish, and your long needle. Pass your gyp in at the fish's mouth, and out again close under the tail. Take care that the double hook sits well on each side of the mouth—flat enough in—that you may not get fast every second moment in the weeds. Take care, too, that your lead is heavy enough : that the stem of your hook is neither too long nor too short for the bait you put on. Sew up your fish's mouth neatly with a couple of stitches. Put another stitch at the tail round your gyp, to keep him stretched, and straight, and in good position. You must judge for twisting his tail round with thread, and cutting off his fins, or not, according to the clearness, or weediness, of the bottom you have to deal with. Trolling will do well where you have a deep water—a great deal of water—and a varying irregular bottom. It is indispensable when the weather is cold ; and a jack will lie skulking close to the bottom in a hole, and have your bait at his very nose, before he will condescend to touch it. Dip in—not with a splash, as if your gudgeon fell out of the moon—but gently—cautiously—as if you saw where two of the little globules that water, they say, is composed of, lay together, and wished to insinuate him slyly between them. Then, perhaps, just as you reach the bottom, you may feel—the least in the world "chop!"—or as you draw your bait back, a touch as if a bailiff—one of the genteeler sort—had laid his hand upon it. Then let him go away at his leisure—be as still as a mouse—you have detected one!

Or you may "spin," if you please, instead of "trolling;" and, where you have a wide water—not more than six or eight feet deep—and a great extent,—so that the fish do not haunt particular little spots, but rove

abroad—especially towards mid-day—spin by all means—it is the most killing style of fishing in the world. Here, again, you use the dead bait, but not exactly as you do in trolling; and, if the weather be warm, and the season early, if anything attracts jack—or a large trout—you seduce them this way. Put on two swivels, at least. Your bait—you must be taught to fix that upon the hook by an adept,—Newton could not give the figure of it on paper. Let your fish spin rapidly, and as evenly as if it turned upon a spit put through it—not swerving and wabbling from side to side as it passes through the water. Throw twenty yards of line, or you do nothing. So!—from the bank here—right over, under the osiers, (or, as the Cockneys call them, the "Hosiers,") on the other side! Now draw diagonally—half against, half across, the stream—towards you! See how it spins!—If there is a jack—a trout—a chub—within forty yards either side—if he has but as many eyes as a tailor's needle—he cannot miss it. See there! Three feet long he is! Did you see that spring? Strike now!—He has it!—He is gone!

But both these manners of fishing are attended with a certain degree of exertion. It is hard work to do either of them well; and if you do them ever so easily, you cannot do either, and dream all the while—or think of something else. "No longer pipe," it is, "no longer dance," as the devil said to Sandy McLaughlin; and you must work away—or the fishing stops—there you lie like a log upon the bottom, useless, or worse—getting "fast," and "foul," and the fiend knows what—to the tune of thirty yards of line, and a spinning gear that cuts you five shillings out of pocket, every experiment. You cannot lie down—if you "spin," or "troll,"—under an oak that hangs over the stream—where the banks lie high, and the water runs hollow and rushy underneath—and think of the falseness of the world—and the uncertainty of a fisherman's fate—or

consider the question of the "corn trade"—or compose an article on angling, and fish all the while;—fish perfectly, satisfactorily, beautifully—taking no trouble, nor any thought—no thought in the world—no trouble at all! And if you want to do this, as you must want to do—for who but a dull rogue can bear to be out in the fields, and amid the chirping of the birds, and the humming of the bees (a sound by the way for which I protest—and the man is alive, and will read this—and let him contradict it if he can—I knew a friend of mine once mistake the grunting of a sty of pigs!)—But as you cannot be supposed to be in the middle of all the brightest, and fairest objects of the creation, and yet be contented to go spooning on—dipping in and out—groping the bottom of the river without an eye—for a whole day together, without attending for a moment to any of them—why, you must use the "Live bait"—make a good gudgeon *fish for you*—while you look on and take the credit of his exertions—that's the way! Now this is to me your real style of fishing—when fishing is worth having;—that is, when the water is just half bright, just gray—just the colour of a Quaker girl's frock—and on a quiet, half frosty, morning. Water should not be too bright—I would not give a pin to see my bait at a depth below three feet. I do not like to see the fish before it bites. The uncertainty as to what is going on—the anxiety—the gaming spirit of the sport is destroyed, when you see what chance you have too far before-hand! I am convinced that the anxiety, the constant vigilance necessary to "feel the bite" in time, or see it on the float, is the great attraction. Your true angler, whose taste is pure, would not fish with a net—he catches too much, and his game is too easy certain. So he does not care for fishing where fish abound too much; give him twenty jack a-day, and he would abjure the sport in a week;—and fishing in a pond, or a preserve, is out of the question—he finds

that the fish are caught already. So it is the most entire piece of noodle-dom that can be perpetrated—the wondering, as apes do, how a man of active mind, or strong animal or mental spirits, can be fond of such an "inactive" diversion as Fishing. Why, Hazard is a *more* "inactive" diversion! Reading, writing, thinking, plotting the ruin of kingdoms (or the ridicule of coxcombs) are *all* more *quiet* diversions!—because a man happens to possess an active mind, it does not follow that he takes up the trade of a penny-postman, or amuses himself with running up and down the stairs of his house, from the garret to the cellar—from morning till night? Besides—activity! Happy is the man who can forget there is such a thing as activity! Happy is he who, with a scene of peace and wholesomeness all round him, can fix his eyes upon a bit of quill, or cork, as it dances on the water, and for that moment,—and not by death,—escape from, forget the recollection of, "activity," and of the world! Forget that he is thirty-five years of age, and that, in a few years more, he will be forty-five. That briefs seem hopeless, if he is a barrister; that the peace of Europe seems fixed, if he is a soldier. Forget that he is a bachelor, that he is well disposed to marry, that he cannot afford to marry, and that he will soon be too old to marry. Forget that the better years of his life are lived, and that, if they were not, he does not see a great deal now worth living for. Forget that the friends of his boyhood have ceased to be friends, and that he has acquired the consciousness that friendship is a mistake—that convenience brings "intimacy;" but that it is dreaming to think of anything beyond! If he can forget that he thinks very ill of the world at large, and not very well of himself; that there is scarcely an act of his life upon which he can look back with much satisfaction, and but too many which he must contemplate with unmingled horror and disgust;—if he can forget that

he has absurdities and vices, or forget that these are not wisdoms and virtues—forget to suspect his own sense, his temper,—his very motive—forget that he is a man, and what a thing man is!—if he can forget all this—even although with it he does forget “activity,”—is he not most happy! And there are sights and sounds which lull the soul—for it is the soul that reposes when we so sleep!—to rest. A distant ring of bells, the low dashing of the waves upon a beach; the rustling of wind through a forest—its waving as it passes over a field of ripened corn; or beyond all these—what say we to a speech in a Chancery suit, or an

Exchequer cause? Any sound or sight of unvarying sameness, to which the mind attaches itself sufficiently to get rid of other objects, but yet which has not sufficient interest of its own to continue to occupy or to excite us—these are the spells that bring us sleep. So, if the gazing upon a float as it trembles in a light ripple upon the water, the watching intently, rather than earnestly, with all appliance of quietness and sweet air, and an absence of annoyance, can make a man “forget!”—let those go on to *think*, who in their thought found hope or happiness; but let me so “forget?” for ever.

(Concluded in our next.)

MY WIFE'S MOTHER.

MY uncle George was never easy till he got all the males of the family married. He has said to me, at least a hundred times, “John, I’m surprised you don’t settle.” I did not at first understand his meaning. I was walking with him in the Temple Gardens, and while we were in the act of contemplating the beauties of the majestic Thames—I allude to a man in a red night-cap walking to and fro on a floating raft of tied timbers, and a coal-barge embedded in mud—he stopped short on the gravel-walk and said, “John, why don’t you settle?” Concluding that he was tired, I answered, “Oh, by all means;” and sat down in the green alcove at the eastern extremity of the foot-path. “Pho!” said my uncle, “I don’t mean that. I mean why don’t you marry? There’s your brother Tom is settled, and has had seven children, not reckoning two who died of the measles: and Charles is settled, and he has nine; his eldest boy Jack is tall enough to thump him: and Edward is settled, at least he will be, as soon as Charlotte Payne has made up her mind to live in Lime-street. I wonder why you don’t settle.” “Pray, uncle,” said I, “of what Bucks Lodge are

you a noble brother?” “Why do you ask?” said he. “Because,” replied I, you seem to think men are like masonry—never to be depended upon till they settle.” As we walked homeward, we saw that adventurous aeronaut Garnerin flying over our heads: and while we were wondering at his valour, he cut the rope that fastened his balloon to his parachute, and began to descend in the latter towards the earth. My uncle George began to run as fast as his legs could carry him, looking all the while so intently upwards, that he did not advert to a nurse-maid and two children, whom he accordingly upset in his course, and nearly precipitated into the subjacent ooze. “What’s the matter, uncle?” said I. “Matter!” answered my outlandish relative, “why, I’m going to look after Garnerin. I shall never be easy till I see him settled.”

In process of time my uncle began to be seriously displeased at my not settling. Population, he seemed to opine, was on the wane. And if anything should happen to my brothers Tom and Charles, and their respective families, not omitting Edward and his issue, when his intended wife should have conquered her

repugnance to Lime-street, what would become of the House of Jackson? It might be dead, defunct, extinct, like the Plantagenets and Montmorencies of other days, unless I, John Jackson, of Finsbury Circus, underwriter, became accessory to its continuation. The dilemma was awful, and my uncle George had money to leave. I accordingly resolved to fall in love. This, however, I found to be a matter more easily resolved upon than accomplished. The Batavian government, after Lord Duncan's naval victory, passed a series of resolutions, the first of which ran thus: "Resolved, that a new marine be built;" but I never heard of a single seventy-four that ever after issued from Rotterdam docks: and certain disaffected Hibernians in Dublin, in the year 1798, by way of discouraging British trade, made a patriotic determination in the words and figures following, that is to say, "Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burned, except her coals, which we have occasion for." Paddy here put himself in a cleft stick, and so did I when I resolved to fall in love. A man may fall in a ditch whenever he pleases; —he must fall in love when and where he can.

My mother recommended Susan Roper to me as a suitable match; and so she was as far as circumstances extend. Her father was a reputable coal merchant, living in Chatham-place: I tried very much to be in love with her, and one warm evening when she sang "Hush every breeze," in a boat under the second arch of Blackfriars-bridge, and accompanied herself upon the guitar, I thought that I was in love—but it went off before morning. I was afterwards very glad it was so, for Susan Roper turned out very fat, and ate mustard with her roast beef. She married Tom Holloway, the Policy Broker, and I wished him joy. I wish it him still, but I doubt the efficacy of my prayers, inasmuch as his wife's visage bears a strong resemblance to the illuminated dial-plate of St. Giles's church clock.

My next affair was more decisive in its result. Old Mrs. Cumming, of St. Helen's-place, Bishopsgate-street, had a daughter named Jane, who taught me some duets. We sang, "When thy bosom heaves a sigh,"—"Take back the Virgin page,"—and "Fair Aurora," with impunity. But when it came to "Together let us range the fields," where the high contracting parties talk about "tinkling rills" and "rosy beds," the old lady, who had hitherto sat in seeming carelessness on the sofa, hemming doyleys, requested to speak with me in the back drawing-room; and after shutting the door, asked me my intentions. My heart was in my mouth, which plainly implied that it was still in my own keeping. Nevertheless, I had no answer ready; so Jane Cumming and I were married on that day month. My Uncle George was so delighted at my being settled, that, after making us a present of a silver coffee-pot, he exclaimed, "I shall now die happy," an intention, however, which he has since shown himself in no hurry to carry into effect. Now came my wife's mother into play. Sparrows leave their daughters to shift for themselves the moment they are able to take to the wing. (My Uncle George calls this barbarous, and says, they should wait till they are settled.) But in Christian countries, like England, one's wife's mother is not so unnatural. Mrs. Cumming lives, as I before mentioned, in St. Helen's-place: I reside in Finsbury circus: so that the old lady has only to cross Bishopsgate-street, pass the churchyard, and issue through the iron bars at the base of Broad-street buildings, and here she is. This makes it so very convenient, that she is never out of my house. Indeed, all the congratulations of my wife's friends, verbal and epistolary, ended with this apophthegm: "Then it must be so delightful to you to have your Mamma so near!" It is, in fact, not only delightful, but quite providential. I do not know what my wife would do without my wife's mother.

She is the organ blo'wer to the organ—the kitchen jack to the kitchen fire—the verb that governs the accusative case. Mrs. Cumming has acquired, from the pressure of time, rather a stoop in her gait; but whenever my wife is in the family way, my wife's mother is as tall and perpendicular as a Prussian life-guardsmen. Such a bustling about the house, such a cry of "hush," to the pre-existent children, and such a bevy of directions to Jane! The general order given to my wife is to lie flat upon her back, and look at nothing but the fly-trap that hangs from the ceiling. For five months out of the twelve, my wife is parallel to the horizon, like a good quiet monumental wife in Westminster Abbey, and my wife's mother is sitting beside her with a bottle of Eau de Cologne in one hand, and one of my book-club books in the other. By the way, talking of book-clubs, it makes a great difference as to the utility of those Institutions, whether the members of them are married or single. My wife's mother is a woman of uncommon purity of mind, and so consequently is my wife. We have accordingly discarded our Malone and Steevens to make way for Bowdler's Family Shakspeare. My expensive quarto edition of *Paradise Lost*, printed for J. and J. Richter, Great New-port-street, in the year 1794, is dismissed to an empty garret, because it contains cuts of our first parents undecorated by the tailor and milliner. It is to be succeeded by a Family Milton, edited by the late Mr. Butterworth, in which our aforesaid progenitors are clad, like the poet's own evening, "in sober grey." My wife's mother is herself editing a Family Æsop, in which old Menenius Agrippa's fable of the belly and the members is denominated the stomach and the members. Our family nomenclature is equally unexceptionable. Water, according to us, is the elemental fluid; a mad dog is a rabid animal; and a stroke of the palsy is a paralytic seizure. A pair of trowsers is the rest of a man's dress;

newspaper-reporters are gentlemen connected with the press; and a sheep-stealer making his exit under the gallows, is not hanged but launched into eternity. Neither do our obligations to my wife's mother end here. Our workmen she has changed to operatives; and by parity of reason she would have denominated the parish work-house an opera-house, had she not been apprehensive that in so doing she might then cause Miss Fanny Ayton, in error, to call upon us in quest of a re-engagement. Old Bethlehem is already Liverpool-street, and we only wait to see Edinburgh fairly launched as the Modern Athens, to call Broker's-row Cabinet-crescent. But to return awhile to our book-club. My wife and my wife's mother have an amazing knack of grasping all the quartos and octavos that come to my share. They all get into my wife's boudoir, as my wife's mother has christened it, whence they seldom emerge till a week or ten days after they are transferrable. This costs me an extra sixpence per book per diem: but that's a trifle. I sent up-stairs yesterday for something to amuse me, hoping for De Vere, and down came little Billy with Baverstock on Brewing, with a portrait of the author prefixed. I myself drink nothing but water, but the secretary of the club brews his own beer. I sent back Baverstock on Brewing, with a request for something more funny; whereupon my wife's mother sent me down Sermons by the Reverend Something Andrews, of Walworth, with a portrait of the author likewise prefixed. Mr. Burridge, the indigo broker, happened to be with me when this latter publication arrived; and when we happened also to be discoursing about what trade my nephew Osgood should be brought up to, Mr. Burridge cast his eye upon the portrait, and said, "Has your nephew got a black whisker?"—"Yes," I answered. "And a white shirt collar?" "Yes." "Then bring him up to the church." It appears to me that a book-club would

be a good thing if we could but get the books we want, and when we want them. But perhaps I am too particular.

We never have a dinner without, of course, inviting my wife's mother. Indeed she always settles the day, the dishes, and the party. Last Wednesday I begged hard to have Jack Smith invited: but no—my wife's mother was inexorable. The last time he dined with us he was asked for a song. Mrs. Cumming wanted him to sing "My Mother had a Maid called Barbara;" thinking that daughters should bear in mind not only their mothers, but their mother's maids: whereupon what does Jack do, but break cover as follows:

"The Greeks they went fighting to Troy;
The Trojans, they came out to meet 'em;
'Tis known to each little school-boy
How the Greeks they horse-jockey'd and beat 'em.

"No house in that day was secured;
They made them too hot for their holders;
And Æneas, not being insured,
Pack'd off with his dad on his shoulders,
Singing Rumpiti, &c."

This was intolerable. A man who would mention a husband's father thus irreverently, could only wait for an opportunity in order to lampoon a wife's mother. Jack is consequently suffering under the bann of the Finsbury empire. This reminds me of an odd incident that happened under my cognizance before I had a wife's mother. I went one night into the Green-room of Drury-lane theatre. When young girls are called upon to perform in London play-houses, it is customary for their mothers to come to look after them, to adjust their dress, rub their cheeks with a rouged hare's foot, and prevent viscounts from falling in love with them. It so happened that five young girls were wanted in the drama: the consequence was that five fat black-bonneted mothers blockaded the Green-room. "Did you ever see any thing like it?" ejaculated Munden, in an under-tone; "I'll bring my own mother to-morrow night: I've as much right as they have!"—Munden's mother!!!

My uncle George dined with us yesterday se'nnight, and before dinner asked my wife what she thought of the weather. "Mamma thinks it cold for the time of year," was the answer. At dinner, she was asked by Sir Anthony Andrews, whether she would take red or white wine: Mrs. Cumming happened at the moment to be deep in conversation with the clergyman of our parish, who sat next to her, about the opera of Proserpina, which the clerical gentleman wished to see revived, adding, "You remember, Ma'am, what a fine situation occurs in the story when Proserpine invokes the aid of Jove to punish her gloomy abducer." My wife's mother could not accuse herself of remembering any thing about it. When Doctor Stubble had explained the story, the old lady shook her head, and wondered that a deity, who behaved in that way to his wife's mother, could be allowed to continue on his throne. "It was in the infernal regions," said the Doctor. "I'm glad of it, a brute!" ejaculated Mrs. Cumming. During the whole of this colloquy, Sir Anthony Andrews sat with his wine-glass in his right hand, waiting for my wife's decision. The poor girl—(she is only thirty-four)—waited for her mother's fiat. "White, my dear," said the old lady,—and white it was.

I own I am puzzled to know what my wife will do when my wife's mother dies, which in the course of nature she must do first. The laws of this country prevent her from mounting the pile, like a Hindoo widow, or descending into the grave, like Sindbad, the sailor. But I will not anticipate so lamentable an epoch. Two incidents more, and I have done. We went last Wednesday, with my uncle George and my wife's mother, to Covent Garden theatre, to see "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians," whom, by the way, my wife's mother mistook for defeated Burmese. Miss M. Glover and Miss J. Scott acted two flying Gowries, and were swinging across the stage, when

Mrs. Cumming expressed a wish to go home. "No, no, wait a little," said my uncle, looking upward to the theatrical firmament, "I'm quite uneasy about these two girls; I hope they'll soon settle."—Last Sunday Doctor Stubble gave us an excellent sermon: the subject was the fall of

man; in which he descanted eloquently upon the happiness of Adam in Paradise. "Alas!" ejaculated I to myself, as we walked homeward, "his happiness, even there, must have been incomplete! His wife had no mother!"

VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

I WAS born in Dublin, in which city my father was an eminent solicitor; and I received in common with my brothers and sisters a liberal education, under the superintendence of kind and affectionate parents. Of my infancy and boyhood, I have nothing remarkable to relate, for they passed away, as they generally do, in happiness rarely equalled in after-life. I cannot recollect any propensity of my boyhood, indicative of the wandering and unsettled disposition, which afterwards distinguished me; on the contrary, I was a steady plodding lad, and the only peculiarity of my boyhood which bears at all upon my story, was the predilection which at that time I felt for reading Shakspeare. Before I had numbered sixteen years, I was well read in all his plays, could quote them with readiness, and found more real pleasure in perusing them than in the amusements of boys of my own age in general. In compliance with my father's wishes, though contrary to my own, I consented to turn my attention to the law, a profession to which I had ever borne a strong dislike; and I entered his office as an articled clerk. During my clerkship the dislike with which I commenced it gradually ripened into absolute hatred; the occupation was too dull, too void of excitement for me, and at the close of each day's labour I gladly sought a refuge from the horrors of musty parchments, long briefs, and tasteless repetitions, in the delights which

were offered me by my favourite Shakspeare, and a host of poems, novels, and romances, with which the circulating library furnished me. Such a course of reading could not fail to have its effect on my mind: I fancied myself qualified, and indeed intended by nature for a nobler occupation than the petty mean business of an attorney, and in my heart I resolved to pursue it no longer than circumstances might render necessary. While in this state of mind I got intimately acquainted with some theatrical persons, through whose means I was enabled to visit the theatre; and it was not long before I imbibed the idea of making the stage my profession. Long and secretly did I cherish this idea; it became an essential part of my existence—every thing I said, every thing I did, was theatrical.

"My mouth I scarce could open
But out there flew a figure or a trope."

In this way matters went on until I had nearly completed my clerkship, when an event happened, which, though it for a time recalled my scattered senses, and brought me to a right feeling, yet by making me my own master at an early age proved instrumental in my subsequent ruin. It pleased Providence suddenly to deprive me of the best of fathers. He fell a victim to a typhous fever in the prime of life, after an illness of fourteen days, leaving my mother and eight children to deplore his loss.

I will not trespass on the patience of the reader by attempting to paint my grief: it was too acute to be described. Suffice it to say, that from thenceforward I resolved to banish "All trivial fond records, all petty recollections" of the dreams which had so long occupied my imagination, and turn my mind seriously to business. Alas! had my vow been as firmly kept as it was sincerely made in that moment of affliction, I should not now have the degrading task of recording my own humiliation. But how frail is poor human nature!

I entered upon my professional career under most favourable auspices, and pursued it with credit and success for upwards of two years, when a disappointment which I had not the firmness to bear, again unsettled me. I had fixed my affections upon a young lady in every respect qualified to make me happy, and I had the good fortune to be esteemed by her in return. My enthusiastic disposition led me to overlook all obstacles, I saw but the bright side of the picture, I looked for complete happiness in a union with the beloved one; and when I thought myself about to taste the o'erflowing cup of bliss, it was dashed from my lips for ever. Disappointed in the affair upon which my strongest hopes were fixed, and the prospect of attaining which had given a stimulus to my industry, and sweetened my toil, I became a wretched, careless being. I lost all steadiness, neglected my business, and dissipated my money. Tossed about by my despair, I was like a ship without a rudder; beating about at the mercy of the winds and waves, I had indeed no longer a haven to make.

My former predilection for the stage now returned, and, yielding to its influence, I determined to try my fortune in a profession for which my vanity persuaded me I had talent; besides, its nature seemed to promise me that refuge from thought I could not hope to find in the dull routine of law proceedings. Enamoured of

this hazardous project, excited by its novelty, and dazzled by fancy pictures of its advantages, I was not long in making preparation to quit the home, which to me had now lost its chief attraction.

On the morning of the 18th of June, celebrated as the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, but to me still more remarkable as the commencement of my self-sought misfortunes, I, without any intimation to my friends, embarked on board the steam-packet, and sailed for Bristol. From thence I went to Bath with the intention of making my first attempt at the theatre in that city; but finding the season about to close, I left Bath, and proceeded to Birmingham. At the latter place the theatrical campaign had just commenced, and having a letter of introduction to the manager, I immediately waited upon him. He received me politely, but threw every possible obstacle in my way, with the view of diverting me from so foolish a project. I was not, however, easily to be deterred from the execution of the scheme I had so long fostered; and I persevered until I wrung from him a reluctant consent, that I should undertake the part of O'Donnell in *Henri Quatre* the following evening. The time for preparation was short, and I was wholly ignorant of the play; but such a trifling matter was nothing to my sanguine spirit. Having procured the part, I laboured incessantly until I had made myself master of the words set down for me. This, I thought, was all that could be necessary on my part: my genius, I conceived, would do the rest. Thus prepared, I went to the theatre on the appointed evening, saying to myself,

"This is the night,
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite."

I thought myself prodigiously fine when I had put on the dress laid out for me; and as I strutted before the glass I fancied I was certain of success. My heart swelled proudly as I pictured to myself the involuntary

burst of applause which must follow my first appearance, the modest elegance of my bow in acknowledgement, the rapture with which each of my speeches would be received, and the glowing colours in which the papers of the next day would paint the merits of him who was to outshine John Kemble as

“Hyperion to a satyr.”

At length the glorious moment arrived; O'Donnell was called, and bold as a lion I approached the stage; but scarcely had I set my foot upon that dangerous ground, scarcely had I cast one glance upon the audience and the lights, when the few senses I had ever possessed, with one accord deserted me, and I stood before my judges a senseless image of egregious folly—

“Obstupui atteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.”

The gentleman who played Eugene, to whom my first speech should have been addressed, grasped my hand, and goodnaturedly whispered “Go on.” This aroused me a little from the stupor which had seized my senses, but it was only to a consciousness of the horrors that surrounded me. I essayed to speak, but in vain; my tongue refused to perform its office. I endeavoured to move, but without success; my feet seemed riveted to the boards. How long I might have remained in this state I know not, had not a coarse voice from the gallery, echoed by twenty more, shouted “Speak up!” This gentle hint, given in the true style of “button-making breeding and Brummagem politeness,” was irresistible, and I did speak, but not so as to be heard beyond the limits of the orchestra. “The gods impatient of delay” could brook suspense no longer—they had paid their money, and had a right to know what was going forward; and they entered their protest against the proceedings by a loud and general hiss. This ungentle usage excited my indignation, and I actually walked down to the footlights for the purpose of addressing

the audience; but ere I could reach the bright boundary which oil or gas had placed between the hisses and the hissed, my courage failed me, and I wished for nothing more than a secure retreat. I was conscious of being superlatively ridiculous; this consciousness did not tend to diminish my awkwardness. All this was high fun to the gods, and they shouted with delight, while the people in the boxes tittered, and the pit shook with laughter. I now scowled with rage, and looked big, but all to no purpose; I bowed, and my signs expressed a desire to be heard, but, when silence was obtained, I could not speak, and confusion again covered me. Some called out “Fair play,” “Do as you would be done by,” “Hear him, hear him;” but the majority with stentorian voices shouted “Off! off! off!” Irritated and mortified, astonished and bewildered, I knew not what I did, but suffered some friendly hand to lead me, unconscious as I was, from the stage; and thus ended the first scene of my actorship. Not daunted by this disastrous commencement, I persevered throughout the play, in hopes of retrieving my forfeited honour, but still committing every kind of blunder, and experiencing the same treatment. In short, during the whole performance, I was the object alternately of laughter and hissing, of mirth and anger. At the fall of the curtain I retired from the stage, covered with shame instead of glory, with vexation and repentance. I was now perfectly satisfied of the worth of my theatrical talents, and fully resolved never more to give them a trial. In a newspaper critique which appeared the next day, I was congratulated upon the brilliant success which had crowned my efforts, and advised never to condescend in future to play any part inferior to Timeleon in the Grecian Daughter, or Fortinbras in Hamlet, characters which are merely alluded to, and never make their appearance before the audience. To avoid the repetition of this annoyance, and various jeers to which I

had subjected myself, I fled from Birmingham as from a pestilential region, and took my route to London.

In London I gradually recovered from the mortification I had undergone, and my mind returned to its wonted state. I soon became capable of reviewing without pain, the circumstances of my late adventure. From this review it appeared that fair play was not allowed me, and that unkind usage had deprived me of the power of displaying those talents, which a little indulgence might have encouraged to develop themselves. Under this impression, and fanned by the breath of vanity, the flame which had been smothered, but not extinguished, again burst forth; I again became the victim of the theatrical mania. Experience had, however, taught me something, and, profiting by her hints, I determined that in my future attempts to climb

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

I would begin at the foot of the ladder. I therefore made diligent inquiry respecting the small theatres in the vicinity of London, and having ascertained that a company was performing at Windsor, I repaired to that town, waited upon the manager, and offered my services as a volunteer. To a country manager the offer was too tempting for refusal. Recruits such as I was, well dressed and serving gratuitously, were not every day to be met with; I was at once declared a member of the *corps dramatique*. This point being adjusted, my next care was to provide myself with a lodging, suitable to the then declining state of my purse, and I soon succeeded. It was certainly not such a lodging as I had been accustomed to. The sitting room was small and meanly furnished, and the bed-room was a narrow attic, in which, owing to the shape of the roof, it was impossible to stand upright, except immediately in the centre. The furniture of the dormitory was in perfect keeping with the chamber itself—it was miserable in the

extreme; and yet such was my infatuation, that though I had been from infancy accustomed to every comfort that money could procure, I was content to put up with it for the sake of being an actor.

The first part allotted to me was that of a fop in *Tom and Jerry*; and although I was dreadfully agitated, the recollection of my recent disgrace was too strong to allow me to give way to fear; I mustered resolution enough to carry me through the task—at least without being hissed. Encouraged by this negative success, and becoming familiar with the audience before me, and the other actors, I grew bolder and bolder on each succeeding attempt, and in a short time fancied myself equal to any part in the range of the drama. Amongst the many characters which I subsequently undertook, was the Irishman in "*Rosina*." Of my performance in this character I was exceedingly proud, for it had elicited the rapturous applause of a "regiment of Irish dragoons" then quartered in the town. One evening, just as I had completed my toilet for the elegant Hibernian, (a task which for convenience I generally fulfilled at my lodging) and when I was dressed in a tattered grey jacket, a pair of patched and greasy leather inexpressibles, old worsted stockings darned with various colours, shoes to match, and every other article after the same character, I was informed that a gentleman wished to see me. Thinking that the visitor could be no other than one of my brother performers, come, as was the custom, to borrow some portion of my wardrobe for the evening, I desired that he should walk up. Chairs being scarce, I was sitting on the bed in the elegant attic which I have already mentioned, and in my acting attire. The door opened, and one of my most intimate friends, a young surgeon of Dublin, stood before me. I felt thunderstruck, while my friend stood at the door surveying me and my apartment with an expression of countenance, in which amazement,

indignation, and grief, seemed struggling for predominance.

"Gracious Heaven!" he at length exclaimed, "can it be? are you already reduced to this state of abject misery?" Recovering my presence of mind, I welcomed him as well as I could, and begged him to be seated while I explained to him the cause of my present appearance. I tried to persuade him that my rags were badges of honourable distinction, and that my lodging was such as actors of note had used from time immemorial. He was not to be thus satisfied, and implored me to renounce a way of life which could lead only to ruin and disgrace. He informed me, that, anxious to restore me to my friends, whose grief he painted in the most vivid colours, he had undertaken the journey to England, and had long sought me in vain, until accident discovered the place of my abode and the nature of my occupation. He said that he was commissioned by my mother to entreat that I would return to her, and that no endeavour should be spared to promote my comfort and happiness. He used every argument which friendship or reason could suggest, to induce me to abandon my folly and accompany him home. But all was in vain: I was too closely wedded to the life I had chosen, and I suffered that kind-hearted young man to leave me in anger and disgust.

With my present company of actors I passed six weeks completely to my satisfaction, for my mornings were occupied in rehearsals, my evenings in acting, and the intervals of time in study: I thought the life of an actor the most delightful in the world. My good opinion of myself was daily gaining ground, although I occasionally received some slight check, of which the following is a specimen.

I was one day reading the paper in the coffee-room of one of the principal inns, when a gentleman of fashionable appearance entered into conversation with me. After some preliminary observations, he said, "What

a wretched company of actors you have here!" I answered that some of them were bad enough, and inquired if he had been at the theatre the preceding night. "Oh! yes," said he, "and I have had enough of it." "Pray, Sir," inquired I, "what did you think of the tall thin young man, who wore a brown frock coat and white trowsers?" "Think of him!" exclaimed he, "why, Sir, his was the most miserable attempt at acting I have ever witnessed. I would recommend the manager to employ him in future in trimming the lamps." "Sir," said I, rising and bowing, "I thank you for your good wishes. I am the individual of whom you are pleased to express yourself in such flattering terms. Good morning, Sir:"—and I walked out of the room with no very exalted opinion of the stranger's discernment.

At the end of six weeks the season terminated; and the company separated each to seek or to fulfil some new engagement. I found, upon examining into the state of my finances, that my remaining stock of cash was wholly inadequate to the demands upon it, and that without a supply I could not leave the town. I therefore applied to an Israelite who dealt in jewellery, and requested him to buy my watch, which had cost me twelve guineas but a few months before. I had always regarded it as a good time-keeper, but I now discovered a thousand faults in it, which I should never have known but for the sagacity of Moses, who pointed them all out carefully, solemnly assuring me that it was not worth thirty shillings: in fact, he would sell me better for the money, but that, as I was in distress, he would give me forty shillings for it, and take his chance of selling it to some one who might not know the value of such things. I was by no means satisfied with this offer, and was about to leave the shop, when he made an advance of five shillings, to which he gradually made additions until his offer reached three pounds, and there he protested his conscience

obliged him to stop. *My* conscience, however, would not allow me to take this sum, chiefly because it was not equal to my purposes, and I left the shop in distress, when the Jew followed me and said that rather than let me be annoyed he would give me three pounds ten shillings. At last declaring it was robbing himself and his heirs, he gave me four pounds. With the money thus raised, I paid my debts, and got to London, with a little experience and half a crown in money. I had scarcely alighted from the coach, when I was accosted by one of my fellow performers at Windsor, whose name was Douglas, the *primo buffo* of the company. After the usual salutations, he inquired if I had any money. I instantly told him the extent of my purse; then said he, I humbly move that we enter into partnership, for I have eighteen pence. I could see no reasonable objection to this proposal, even though my share of the capital was the largest; and having signified my assent, we forthwith set out in quest of lodgings. After diligent search, we provided ourselves with two bed-rooms in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-court-road, at the rate of nine shillings per week. One of the bed-rooms being a large airy room, it was agreed that it should be used likewise as a parlour, and that I, having the largest share of the capital, should sleep in it. These preliminaries being adjusted, we resolved ourselves into a committee of supply, being fully persuaded that we could not long exist upon four shillings, and it was determined that each should apply to his friends for assistance, and that in the mean time Douglas' watch should be pawned for our present exigencies. This was no sooner resolved upon than executed; letters were written, and we sat down as happy as princes to a good beefsteak and a quart of Barclay, Perkins and Co. For a fortnight all went on comfortably, and we busied ourselves looking out for engagements; but even thirty shillings could not last for ever, and in

spite of our endeavours the last shilling made its appearance without our receiving any intelligence from home. The consideration of the solitary shilling sank my spirits to the lowest ebb; I was conscious of having forfeited all claim to the assistance of my family; I saw no prospect of employment, and I knew not which way to turn for relief. One morning after Douglas had gone out, the servant girl brought me something carefully wrapped up in paper, which she said she had found in his bed. It felt so very like money that I could not resist the temptation of examining it; and opening the parcel I found ten shillings. True to the character and thrift of a Scotchman, he had provided for a rainy day, which, he afterwards told me, judging from my disposition, he saw would not fail soon to visit us. When he came home, I was half inclined to be offended with him for deceiving me, but could not really feel angry, so much was I pleased with the possession of the money. For a time this supply cheered us, but it was soon exhausted. "Now, indeed," cried I, "we are likely to starve!" but scarcely had I pronounced the words when the loud knock of the twopenny postman made me start from my chair. "Whom can this be for?" said I. The entrance of the girl with a letter for me put an end to our doubt. Eagerly I broke the seal, and found that it was from a stranger, informing me that if I would call upon him the next day, he could offer me an engagement for the Cheltenham theatre. "Now," exclaimed I, exultingly, "this is as it should be; my name has already reached Cheltenham, the gay, fashionable and elegant Cheltenham; and I am offered an engagement for that place. Well, let Cynics scoff as they will, merit is sure to be rewarded."

I was so overjoyed that I could think of nothing but Cheltenham. I got a map and traced out the journey, fancying myself already on the road. Next morning I was punctual

to my appointment, saw the gentleman who had written to me, and concluded an engagement for the remainder of the Cheltenham season, then about eight weeks, at the handsome salary of twenty-five shillings per week, for which I agreed to make myself generally useful, that is to say, to play any part allotted me, however degrading or disagreeable.

"Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen!"

My professional earnings at home, during the two years that I was steady, were never less than six guineas a week, with every prospect of an increase, and that too in a reputable business. "*Heu mihi dolor!*" By a lucky coincidence, the very next post brought me a letter from home, enclosing a little money. I was thus unexpectedly furnished with the means of making the journey. Leaving Douglas fifteen shillings, and reserving to myself one pound for coach fare, and five shillings for sundries, I set off the next day, and arrived at Cheltenham with about two shillings in my purse.

At Cheltenham, however, the shal- lowness of my purse did not signify, and having procured a lodging at four shillings per week, I easily contrived to get credit for eatables and drinkables until the ensuing Saturday, when I received my salary, the first I had ever earned by my theatrical exertions. My first appearance on the Cheltenham boards was in the important part of the Sheriff in *Henry the Fourth*, in which play the well known amateur Colonel Berkeley played the Prince, and his brother Augustus, Falstaff. I had therefore a claim on the acquaintance of the Colonel similar to that of the man on the eminent actor whom he reminded that he had played the Cock to his Ghost in *Hamlet*. I thought then and still think the Colonel a good amateur actor, and the best stage-manager I ever saw, for I never met any other man who to a knowledge of his business added such persevering industry and zeal. I well remember that the play of *Henry*

the Fourth, under his direction, underwent sixteen rehearsals, which I, having only six lines to speak, thought a great bore. The good effect of this drilling was evident when the play came to be acted, for every one was to the letter perfect, and even I had the good fortune to get through without stumbling.

Having thus made my ground sure, I bethought me of my friend Douglas, and so glowingly did I represent his qualifications to the manager, that I procured him an engagement as singer, at the salary of two pounds per week. Upon this engagement he came to Cheltenham, and a second room being to let in the house where I lodged, we again became messmates. In the Cheltenham theatre, I played a variety of parts without any marked disgrace, a fact which I now attribute to the urbanity of the audience, for I am well assured that I was far from being tolerable as an actor. However, as I did not think so then, my apparent success was pleasing to my vanity, and I was on excellent terms with myself. I passed my time very agreeably, for Douglas having hired a piano for the purpose of practising, our lodging became the rendezvous of all the musical men of the theatre, who usually every non-play night assembled there, and sang glees and duets. I contributed to the harmony in the only way I could, by mixing whisky-punch after the true Hibernian style. Such gay living was, however, so unsuited to my means, that at the end of the season, when it became necessary to depart, I was without a shilling. In this dilemma the prudent Scot again befriended me, for he had saved three pounds, and to his thrifty conduct I was indebted for the means of reaching London.

We arrived in town, wearied, dispirited and cold, late in the evening of one of the damp chilly days in the middle of November. We could muster but five or six shillings in our joint purse, and were not provided with a lodging; it was then too late to seek one, and it became absolute-

ly necessary to put up for that night at a hotel. We accordingly stopped at a respectable house in Oxford-street, resolving to make ourselves comfortable, and trusting to Providence to send us the means of paying the bill in the morning. Accordingly, we had a good supper, of which we stood much in need; and having qualified it with a glass or two of brandy and water, we retired to rest, and slept as soundly, perhaps more soundly, than if we had been possessed of ten thousand pounds. After breakfast next day we held a consultation upon raising money to discharge our bill, and we agreed each should go in search of his acquaintances and endeavour to borrow a trifle, and meet at the hotel at the dinner-hour. When we met however, the length of our faces too plainly told our disappointment. We had returned as we set out, excepting that each of us had acquired an enormous appetite. To satisfy our hunger we ordered a beefsteak; and having disposed of that and a glass to cheer our spirits, we came to the conclusion, that by so much had our expenses been increased while our funds continued unimproved. Pondering over the means of extrication, an expedient occurred to me, which, however unpleasant, I determined to carry into execution. I had some good clothes, and there was a pawnbroker in the neighbourhood. The great difficulty was to get the clothes out of the house unobserved; but that difficulty was soon removed. Having communicated my plan to Douglas, we went up stairs to my bed-room, where I took from my trunk four good coats, which I folded separately, while he passed a silk handkerchief round and secured them to my body. I then put on my travelling cloak, which being very large, completely concealed the cargo with which I had loaded myself, and a slight appearance of corpulency was all which could be perceived. Thus prepared I sent Douglas forth to see that the coast was clear; and following him

with cautious steps, I had descended one flight of the stairs when one of the waiters was seen coming up. In a moment I was in my room again, and when there I had some difficulty to prevent myself from fainting, so overcome was I with terror; for had I been detected I must have appeared like a thief. The coast being pronounced clear again, I made a second attempt, and luckily got out of the house without farther interruption. When in the street I almost flew until I reached the three balls; and entering at the friendly door, above which was written "Money lent," I joyfully deposited my burthen on the counter. The money raised by this expedient was two pounds. Happy in possessing the cash, I returned to the hotel in lighter spirits than I had enjoyed for some days.

We next took a lodging in an obscure street close to Leicester-square, paid our bill at the hotel, and removed our luggage to our new quarters, consisting of two bed-rooms. Here we remained many weeks in a most deplorable state of poverty, frequently having no other meal than tea in the morning and evening; sometimes, through accident or the kindness of an acquaintance, we got a good dinner; but more frequently a walk in the Regent's Park, or a peep at the print-shops, was its substitute. At the close of each week I was obliged to pawn an article of clothing in order to pay the rent, and by these means my wardrobe rapidly diminished. At length I mustered resolution and wrote my mother a penitent letter, which procured me five pounds; and Douglas having at the same time succeeded in making an engagement for the Exeter theatre, I divided the money with him after paying some arrears of rent. He left town promising me a remittance as soon as possible. Having some hope of obtaining employment at the Greenwich Theatre, I went to that place and remained a fortnight in fruitless expectation. At the end of that period I returned to

London, my money was exhausted, and I was compelled to have recourse again to a hotel in order to avoid actual starvation. I accordingly took my abode at a house not far from Covent Garden. In order to raise a fund to defray my expenses, I wrote immediately to a friend in Dublin, stating my circumstances, and soliciting a trifling loan; but to that application I never received an answer; and when my bill for the first week was presented, I was obliged to beg a little indulgence on the score of being disappointed of a remittance. While at dinner one day in the coffee-room, a very dashing, elegant-looking fellow, with a huge bunch of seals and all the other appurtenances of dandyism, entered into conversation with me; and having introduced himself as a Mr. Somebody from the city, whose old dad was immensely rich, he politely invited me to take a share of a bottle of wine. I at first declined his offer; but his kindness was such that he would take no excuse, and I was obliged to comply. Flattered by his civility, and pleased with the wine, which in my low spirits was a welcome treat, I made no objection to the appearance of a second bottle, but helped to finish that also, and went to bed highly delighted with myself, my entertainer, and all the world besides. In the morning, however, I found that "all is not gold that glitters;" for my kind friend had absconded and left me to pay for two bottles of wine and an expensive decanter which he had broken. This formed a most unseasonable addition to my bill; but it gave me a useful lesson, and I was ever after more cautious of accepting such marks of kindness from strangers, particularly the race who haunt the west end of town, dressed in the pink of the mode, aping men of fashion, but really living in holes and corners. I was still in hopes of hearing from my friend, and anxiously did I watch the arrival of the postman: but day after day passed away and no letter came. Several

times my landlord reminded me that the bill was unpaid; but I contrived to put him off with the same plea, until at length his patience and his confidence in me were worn out. One evening I had an order presented me, and went to see the new pantomime at Covent Garden theatre, which was not over till twelve o'clock. On my return, feeling much exhausted, I ordered some trifle for supper; but, instead of supper, the waiter brought me a note from the landlord informing me that no farther credit could be given until my bill was paid. Stung to the soul by this indignity, and disgusted at the cruelty and meanness which could dictate a refusal at such an hour, I started from my seat, and, throwing my cloak about me, rushed into the street, resolved, even if death should be the consequence, not to pass another night under the fellow's roof. It was now the beginning of January, and the snow lay upon the ground knee-deep, and the wind was piercingly cold; but the passion which raged within my bosom and made my blood boil, rendered me insensible of external annoyance. I wandered about the streets for nearly an hour, neither knowing or caring where I went. At length the excessive cold reminded me of my situation. I looked around for some place of shelter, in vain; every house was closed, nor had I the poor consolation of a companion in misfortune; for such was the inclemency of the weather, that even the unhappy beings who usually frequent the streets at night, had retired to their miserable homes, and the watchmen had ensconced themselves snugly within their boxes, leaving

"The world to wretchedness and me."

Deeply did I now repent the folly which had led me from my comfortable home, deserting a respectable station for one which imagination had painted as happy and glorious, but which experience told me was fraught with misery and disgrace. Vainly did I call to mind the com-

forts of the cheerful fireside at home, the maternal smile which had ever welcomed me there, and the indescribable charm which presides over a domestic circle. The contrast between my past and present circumstances filled me with anguish: I had wantonly sacrificed good for evil, comfort for misery, respect for contempt; and I was now a wretched outcast, cold, hungry, penniless, and houseless, without prospect of relief for the present, or hope for the future. What might have been the consequence of these bitter reflections I dare not think, had not a merciful Providence directed my steps to the door of a hotel, where I had in better times expended considerable sums of money. A light over the door at-

tracted my attention, and re-awakened hope. "Here," thought I, "if gratitude and humanity have not together departed from the world—here I may surely expect a welcome;" and I was not mistaken. I knocked, and was admitted. A large party within had caused the inmates of the house to stay up later than usual. The landlord received me with cordiality mixed with some surprise at seeing me at such an hour: he provided me with a supper of cold meat; but so acute had been my mental affliction that I had lost my appetite; and after in vain endeavouring to eat, I retired to bed, where I lost for a time all recollection of my recent sufferings.

SLAVERY BOTH UNJUST AND UNMERCIFUL.

(Concluded from page 356.)

WHEN I behold a bird in a cage, I conclude at once that that was not the original place of its choice; but let the door of its cage be set open, and it is twenty to one that it will quit its confinement, and seek happiness in a more enlarged field of action. Liberty and slavery are irreconcilable. To say that many of the slaves prefer slavery to liberty, is a mere assertion, and amounts to just as much as if a man born blind were to say that he prefers blindness to sight.

The driver exhorted the overburdened ass to greater speed, urging—"That the enemy were in pursuit;"—"If we are taken," said the ass, "shall I have a heavier burden to carry than that I now bear?" Tell the oppressed Africans that when they cease to complain, their condition shall be ameliorated. As complaint is the very result of oppression; so it might be argued, when there is no complaint, there is no oppression! Were the managerist to complain of the savage disposition of lions, wolves, and tigers, it might be retorted, Why, then, did you bring

them from their native home? If decrepitude be the only price of manumission, there is as much humanity in it, as when an old worn-out horse is stripped of his shoes and harness, and turned adrift to die.

In mercantile transactions there is generally a debtor and creditor account. Now, between the owner and the slave how does this account stand? On a fair adjustment, on which side is the balance due? There is no just scale of exchange. As no contract exists, so no contract can be broken. Whenever the slave can, and is disposed to make his escape, he leaves no debt undischarged. The slave-holder may be indebted to the slave, but the slave cannot be indebted to the slave-holder.

In the case of the Egyptians and the Hebrews, the Egyptians were the debtors, ("God himself being the judge,") and the balance was paid by the Egyptians, in jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. It would have been in vain for Pharaoh, or the Egyptians, to have pleaded the right of property. Israel stood indebted, in equity, to the Egyptians,

(in the first instance,) for their humanity. But the obligation was abrogated, as soon as the Egyptians assumed the right of property in the persons of the Hebrews. The Hebrews had neither given nor sold themselves to the Egyptians. Neither can it be said, that the Africans have given or sold themselves to the West India planters.

That the planters are in possession, is a well-authenticated fact : and that the Egyptians were in possession of the Hebrews, was not less true. If reciprocity was the basis of intercourse, in the first instance, between the Egyptians and the Hebrews, it degenerated in the Egyptians to downright oppression and cruelty. From the period when the West India islands became possessed by Europeans and Africans ; and from the terms on which the connexion first commenced, I will presume to say, that as it never could commence upon the principle now contended for, compensation to the planters for the loss of Negro slaves would be a less just demand, than would compensation be from the planters to the slaves for past services.

We will not inquire how the Europeans became possessed of the West India islands. They are now in possession of them. We may, however, ask, how did the European become possessed of the African ? What kind of original title can be produced to show how the first slave became such ? and how, by fair deduction, the children, grand-children, great, and great, great grand-children of such slave, or slaves, became the property of such European, or Europeans, and continue such to this day ? Can that nation be said to be civilized, which takes by stratagem, and keeps by force, any human being ? Is there an institute in British jurisprudence, to patronize a British subject in seizing and keeping possession, by force, any fellow-creature ? Were it known to the British legislature that a British ship had been taken, and its crew made slaves, by any other nation, would not the

British government demand the liberation of such crew from such government, at its peril ?

In Great Britain, the sovereign has his servants ; the lord has his servants ; the merchant, manufacturer, &c. all have their servants ; but not slaves ! If there be a fag-end in British legislation, it surely is in colonial justice ! So finely tuned are all the instruments of British justice, that one single act of injustice would produce discordance throughout the whole nation ; even the sovereign himself must be out of tune !

So far is possession from constituting a right (in many instances) to specific property, that it renders the holder subject to the suspicion of not having come fairly by such property. Moreover, it has often happened, that for want of a legitimate title, a man has been dispossessed of that of which he had long held possession.

Murder, manslaughter, or homicide, may be justly laid to the charge of some person or persons, for the death of all those Africans who have perished between the shores of Africa and the West India islands. Their premature death is chargeable upon those who were accessory to such death. Merchants, factors, captains, planters, and even government itself, are implicated in this long continued tragedy ! Upon what scale of computation is European and African human life contrasted ? If one British white subject, wilfully or accidentally slain, demands a legal investigation, how is it that thousands of intended slaves are suffered thus to perish without further inquiry ?—Surely, had our late and present sovereign, such a view of this subject as might and ought to have been laid before them by an enlightened ministry, this long continued evil would have had a remedy applied, and the tears of weeping Africa would have been dried up.

England glories in the administration of justice. If but the meanest subject come to an untimely death, an inquest is instituted, and a deodand made to God upon that, whe-

ther animate or inanimate, which was the accidental cause of such death. So tenacious is British law of human life, that were even a poor African to suffer (within our shores) an untimely death, an inquest would be indispensable. Why, then, should not the long and strong arm of British power be stretched out to defend and protect the African human race from colonial oppression? Are black human beings less the property of God in the West India islands, than they are in that of Great Britain?

The administration of justice is in the hands of European sovereigns. They have the power of putting an end to slavery: and the nation which refuses to unite in the suppression of this nefarious traffic, deserves the detestation of all the rest. Were the importation from Africa entirely to cease, of what advantage would that be to the slaves now held in slavery by Europeans? If the British government has prohibited its subjects from the traffic in African Negroes, is it not from a conviction of its injustice? And if injustice to import, where is the justice of holding still in slavery so many hundreds of thousands of the African race, either imported, or the descendants of imported Negroes?

There is not anything that can exhibit the demoralized state of the West India colonists, more than the bastardizing of their own offspring. What are the coloured people, of whom we have heard? They are the offspring of white men by black women. And to a state of slavery are a vast number of these unfortunate wretches abandoned—disowned often by their unnatural fathers, they are doomed to reproach and contempt. No brand can be set upon the skin of a true-born African so degrading as that of a mulatto. Whilst slavery endures, these can never hold a state of equality either with whites or blacks. Would to God that such wretched fathers might never more set their feet upon our British shores, but remain within their own polluted atmosphere, till death

do them part. It might have been expected, from the very great number of these mulattoes, that the white planters, &c. would have had some paternal regard for their offspring. But, alas! the contaminating principle of the colonial atmosphere precludes every feeling of this kind; and brutality (not chastity) is the order of the day! Whilst this state of things continues, awful must be the situation of the West Indies. That fabric is become tremendously portentous. Its foundation is laid in injustice, and the building is cemented with blood; and unless great skill is exerted in removing this monument of national disgrace, it will fall, and great will be the fall thereof.

The loss of human life by premature death, in the traffic of African slaves, is incalculable. Millions of Negroes have fallen victims, ere they had rendered the least benefit to the captors or planters; and thousands of Europeans have also suffered from the casualties attending this horrid employment. I will fearlessly assert, that if one substantial argument is produced; if the advocates for slavery will give me one reason for its continuance which I cannot refute, I will for ever renounce the advocacy of its abolition, and acknowledge myself a fanatic and an enthusiast reclaimed.

Every planter is a jailer, every plantation a jail, and every Negro a prisoner. Eight hundred thousand prisoners are held in awful durance by fifty thousand jailers, in spite of the remonstrance of millions of British subjects. If crime is the cause of their imprisonment, why are they not brought to trial? If not guilty of crime, why are they held in prison? If France, Spain, or Portugal mistook these Africans for beasts, or a middle link between themselves and monkeys, ought not England to have corrected this error, and to have restored them to the society of men? That I have lived to the seventy-first year of my age, and have thought so little, and have done so little, to ameliorate the condition of these slaves,

I am truly ashamed. My blood runs now with the vigour of youth in their behalf. I could venture to the foot of the throne, to supplicate, not so much for mercy as justice, in advocacy of this most injured and most insulted part of the human family. That crown must be fearfully tarnished, whose sovereign lends not his aid to effect the emancipation of the imprisoned African! The voice of humanity and of justice exclaims, "Let the day be darkened that gave birth to the man who is so unjust as to advocate the cause of continued slavery."

The African is at the mercy of the European. The British and other European governments may (if they are so disposed) make such laws as to bind in heavier chains this most wretched part of the human family. They may torture or put them to death as they please. The slave has no court to which he can appeal, but that of heaven. Justice is of heavenly origin. Its emanation was not from man, but from God. Justice should be amongst men what the sundial is to the adjustment of time. As well may men presume to regulate and correct the sun, as to model justice to human authority. Were the question of right to be brought before a British judge and a British jury, what evidence would be produced to prove that a black African is the property of a white European? From what source can the white man derive his title to such property?

If prescription constitute right, what shall we say to the long catalogue of house-breaking, shop-lifting, highway-robbery, sheep-stealing, horse-stealing, picking of pockets, &c. &c. ? They have all been in practice from time immemorial. What should we say to an eloquent and learned thief, who would plead that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, all obtained a livelihood by the same practice? and that (but for the laws of men) he could see no harm in his helping himself to what his real wants require?—West India planters wanted the labour of Afri-

cans; captains of merchant-ships found out the way of kidnapping these Africans, and of exhibiting them for sale to the West India planters: a value was set upon these individually, or by the gross: the planter agrees with the captain, pays for, and takes possession of such property.

Now, in the first place, did the captain, who kidnapped these Africans, become honestly possessed of them? Could he give the planter a just title to such human beings as real *bona fide* property, transferable to any other planter at his own discretion? And are the descendants of such Africans the continued property of such planter or planters? Upon this principle, would a man not be justly entitled to every species of stolen goods, provided he had bought and paid the price which the seller put upon such property? Every man is born alike free; and except the obligation which a man's birth-place subjects him to, civilly or politically, (unless guilty of crime,) has an indefeasible right to such liberty in justice; and justice is one of the most prominent features in the system of civilization.

Should the advocates for continued slavery suffer a defeat, they will have displayed the most consummate generalship. They have marched and countermarched with the most profound skill. Every kind of fortification that either art or nature could suggest, has been resorted to, and, like a "distinguished general," they will only have surrendered in the "last ditch!" It would torture investigation to develope all the subterfuges to which they have had recourse. They have threatened, they have supplicated, they have remonstrated, they have prevaricated. Such is, and such has been, their attachment to the system of slavery.

Have not the British government hesitated to carry their own measures into effect? They have ventured to prohibit the importation of African Negroes: but the great mass of imported and colonial-born Negroes

are, to this day, held as personal property by West India planters. If it were an act of mercy, or justice, in the British government to prevent, in future, the importation of Africans into the West India islands, in the plenitude of their power, have they neither mercy nor justice to exercise in behalf of the thousands of Negroes now in slavery; and, it may be, the millions yet unborn? If an act of robbery was ever committed, it was an act of robbery for one man, or a number of men, to take by force another man, or any number of men, and hold such captive, or captives, in bondage. In Exodus xxi. 16, we read, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death;" and who can suppose that the Gos-

pel sanctions what the Law so pointedly condemns?

If my interrogatories are impertinent; if my assertions are untrue; if my reasoning is false; if my judgment, or my passions, are governed by erroneous principles, convict me at the public bar. If I plead not the cause of justice, mercy, or truth; or if I plead them not according to truth, let me receive the reprehension due to my presumption; and let the advocates for *continued slavery* bind more securely the shackles of the *enslaved African*. Let either youth or age, learned or unlearned, colonist or European, disprove my allegations, and I will yield to him the palm of victory—vanquished, I will quit the field.

DEATH'S RAMBLES.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair—
His body was lean and lank—
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he
kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh
(For the man was a coffin maker)
To think how the mutes and men in black suits
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church—
Quoth he, "we shall not differ."
And he let them alone, like figures of stone—
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother,
And he shot one through at once—
For he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal;
Said Death—"he may keep his breath, for his
sleep
Can never be more eternal."

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He met a coachman driving his coach
So slow that his fare grew sick;
But he let him stray on his tedious way—
For Death only wars on the quick.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
In the spirit of his fraternity;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
Though *summon'd* to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further—
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murder!

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew the "fee"
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust—
For himself by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust,

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he mark'd him out for slaughter—
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

THE BRIDAL MORN.

"**EMMA**, dear, do you not hear the hour striking, and yet you are loitering here—who could fancy this to be your wedding day?" Emma raised her blue eyes, with a look of gentle reproach, as she replied—"And is it Caroline Ormsby who can jest with me to-day?"—Caroline placed her white hand on the lips of the pale bride, and shook her head with a half-serious, half-playful smile—"I see, I see of what you are thinking," cried Emma, "and I know it is too late. I know well that, long ere now, Harry has learnt to hate me."—"It is not of Harry we ought now to speak," said Caroline; "the bride of Lord Montresor should have other thoughts," Emma's fair brow became flushed as she listened to this reproof from the gentle Caroline. Never before had her friend spoken to her in anger; and she felt how wrong she must have been ere Caroline *could* thus have spoken.

These two young and lovely women were cousins. In their infancy they had been left orphans, and were by their dying parents committed to the care of the same guardian. Caroline Ormsby was some years Emma's senior, and was of a serious, reflecting disposition. Her beauty partook of her character. She was very pale; but the transparent fairness of her skin rendered the want of bloom scarcely a defect. Her dark hair was braided in shining folds over her high and unruffled forehead; and her eyes were generally cast downwards; thus allowing their long lashes to contrast their ebon tints with the pure snow on which they rested. Her cousin Emma was now in her twentieth year, and was the gayest and most bewitching of earth's creatures. To resist her fascinations was impossible. Her very laughter was enchantment, it was so full of the heart's mirth; and her blue eyes—who could with-

stand their brightness? No one could say whether her cheek were blooming, so varying were the tints that coloured it; and often the pearly whiteness of her throat was hidden by the redundance of her rich fair curls. Her temper was the sweetest—her heart the warmest that ever beat. Yet she had been her guardian's pet, and even in infancy every little whim had been indulged, and every fancy yielded to; and had not Caroline Ormsby's influence been powerful with her volatile cousin, the young beauty's caprices would have been endless.

At the commencement of this little narrative we found the two cousins seated together, on Emma's bridal morning; and never was there a more miserable bride. The cause of this the following conversation will develop. Emma had, for some time after Caroline had spoken, rested her beautiful head upon her folded hands with a silence very unusual to her; then, tossing back the abundance of her fair curls, she said—"Cary, dear, now I am going to be good, so you may dress me if you will;" and she held up her red lip for her friend's kiss. "One moment," answered Caroline, "one moment you must listen to me."—There was something singular in Miss Ormsby's manner—a struggle, as though she laboured under the weight of some untold feeling. Her hand was pressed upon her brow—her cheek was flushed—and Emma gazed upon her, fearing to be told she knew not what. At last Caroline said—"But a moment since, Emma, I reproached you for talking of Harry Tresham, and yet it is of him I am now about to speak. You remember that night—nay, start not up so, for you must hear me, Emma. I must for once remind you of that night, when, in your groundless jealousy, you banished Harry from your sight. On that night his friend

Montressor was sitting with me, when Harry rushed into the drawing-room with the frenzy of a madman. Lord Montressor heard the whole history of your quarrel, for Harry was in a state bordering on delirium, and was heedless by whom he might be heard." Emma shuddered. "I need not tell you," continued Caroline, "of my surprise, when, in a few days after this, you wrote to me, that, convinced of Harry's unworthiness, you had consented to become Lord Montressor's wife. Of that I need not speak; for, as you have said, it is indeed too late. I felt even then it was so, and I was silent; but I obeyed your wishes, and hastened to town. I found you still buoyed up by your resentment; but I saw, under the mask of gaiety, that you were wretched, most wretched, and I entreated you then, ere I knew that Tresham had never been unfaithful—even then, Emma, I entreated you to pause. Again, you said it was too late. Then Harry's letter came, and he was justified. Once more I entreated—I begged of you never to become Lord Montressor's wife. You would not hear me, Emma; you were wretched, yet you would not hear me; and now, Emma, upon my knees—I, who never knelt to any but my God—now, even at this last hour, do I pray of you to stop!"

Emma raised the kneeling Caroline, while she uttered, in a deeply-agitated tone—"No! no! I must go on—stop at the very altar! No, Caroline, I dare not!"—Miss Ormsby looked compassionately at the erring girl, and ejaculated—"Oh, if I might but tell her!" then, ckecking herself, she said—"About an hour ago, Lord Montressor came to me, and told me that he had never believed you had forgotten your love for Harry Tresham; and that, to be convinced there was no feeling yet between you, he had requested Harry to be present at the ceremony. Ah, Emma! your cheek is blanched—you will listen to me now?" and Caroline's tall figure became loftier

in its grandeur, as she added—"and hear me, Emma; hear me, as though my words were those of prophecy. Open your whole soul to Lord Montressor—confess to him your feelings, while they may yet be felt without crime; tell him, even now tell him, that you *dare* not become his wife!"

While Caroline continued to speak, Emma's face was hidden in her folded hands. When she looked up, she was very pale but calm. "I know," she said, "I have done wrong to Harry Tresham; would you also have me do injury to Lord Montressor? No, Caroline, I will become Lord Montressor's wife; even in presence of Harry Tresham will I do this; and, when I forget the vows I shall then plight, may my God forget me!"

Caroline looked with wonder on her friend: her Hebe beauty—her sweet smile remained; and yet it seemed as though, in one brief moment, the thoughts of years had been present to her, so quietly did she speak, and yet so firm was she to her purpose.

In silence were performed the duties of the toilette—in silence were adjusted the white garments—the wreath of orange-flower—the bridal veil, scarcely whiter than the pale cheek it shaded. Then Emma knelt down and prayed long and fervently. When she rose from her knees there was not a trace of emotion to be discovered in her colourless face. She looked like some beautiful but lifeless thing. Her guardian's step was heard—then his voice, requesting admittance. With a calm smile Emma placed her arm within his, and they descended to the drawing-room. Already the wedding guests were there—and Lord Montressor moved forward to meet his bride. His form was noble, though it no longer owned the pride of youth. There was not a furrow on his serene brow; and his eyes shone with all the placid light which had beamed in them in his young days; but *grey* was slightly mingling with the dark hair that fell in rich waves upon his forehead,

and seemed to say he was scarcely a fitting husband for the girlish Emma. He smiled gently upon her, but that smile spoke not of love: it had more in it of compassion. At a distant window of the apartment, almost concealed from sight, stood Harry Tresham. He wears not the look of one who is about to lose "the lady of his love;" his eyes are sparkling; and there is an arch happy smile upon his proud lip: the gallant soldier looks as though he were going to win and not to lose a bride. And Lord Montessor—where is he? He is at Tresham's side—he is leading the youth into the midst of the wondering circle—he places Emma in the young man's arms—he crosses the apartment; and, with a glad smile, clasps Caroline Ormsby's fair hand, and she raises her dark eyes with a glowing yet fearful glance. The ceremony proceeds—the two weddings are over—and the guests are gone. * * * *

Some weeks after, the two fair brides were sitting in Lady Montessor's drawing-room. "Well," said the young countess, "I almost wonder how I have teased you so, my poor Emma. It was indeed a sad task that they imposed upon me; and once, when I looked upon your poor pale face, I had nearly told you all; but then I hoped my entreaties would prevail, and that you would even then draw back; for I feared so much the effects of the sur-

prise upon you—but Montessor said, a happy surprise could never harm you; and he taught me to think, too, that you needed some little schooling. Harry, too, said it was the only chance he had to win you! and that you were a little shrew that needed taming."—"And, indeed," answered the smiling Emma, "had you not schooled me as you did, I verily believe I never should have been Harry Tresham's wife—I was so full of fancies—so, I forgive you all—all but Harry; it was too bad of him to enter into such a league against me. But how slyly you carried on your courtship, Cary! There was I, pouring into your ear all my love and folly, doubts, and fears, and all; and you shaking your wise head so demurely. But—now don't put up your lip, Cary—my wonder is, how you ever came to fall in love with Lord Montessor; handsome though he be, he is so—" "Old," interrupted Caroline, smiling; and as she spoke, she turned her eye upon her husband, with a glance of happy love, which shewed that to her no charm was wanting. The two husbands approached the sofa on which the cousins sat; and as Captain Tresham threw himself on a low ottoman at the feet of his young bride, Lord Montessor said, with an arch smile, "Well, Emma, are we yet pardoned for the lesson we taught you on your wedding day?"

DESCRIPTION OF THE LIFE-BOAT BY THE REV. WM. SCORESBY.

THE original Life-Boat, the invention of Mr. Greathead, of South Shields, derived its character from two peculiarities—its great *sheer*, or curvature, by which the danger of upsetting was greatly diminished, and the capability of remaining bottom upward altogether prevented,—and the application of a large belt of cork along the outside gunwale, and another body of cork within, by which the risk of its sinking was entirely overcome.

Besides these important qualifications, the *improved* life-boat possesses another still more extraordinary property, constituting a curious hydrostatical paradox,—namely, that if filled with water, even up to the gunwale, the water will spontaneously run out into the sea, through some tubes in the bottom!

This singular effect results from a peculiar construction of the vessel, adapted to these two well-known principles in hydrostatics:—(1.) that

any compact body floating in water, displaces a quantity of the fluid exactly equivalent to its own weight;—and (2.) that all the parts of a surface of water have a tendency to come to the same level, whether the water be in a continuous body or in any number of different vessels, provided there be a free communication, by pipes, or otherwise, below the level of the surface.

Now the bottom of the life-boat is a waterproof air-cavity, of such dimensions, as to displace, if entirely immersed, a greater weight of water than the whole weight of the boat, with its stores and ordinary crew. The consequence is, that the upper surface of this air-cavity will, under usual circumstances, be always *above* the level of the water in which the boat floats. If, therefore, this bottom cavity were perforated vertically by tubes or pipes, so as to form a communication between the inside of the boat and the sea beneath, (still keeping the air-cavity water-tight) the water, it is evident, could rise no higher within these tubes than without—and the water without, being below the upper surface of the air-cavity, it must also be below the upper end of the tubes within. No water, therefore, could enter the boat by these cavities, whilst it only had on board its ordinary stores and crew; nor indeed under any circumstances, until the whole weight of the boat and contents should exceed the weight of water that the bottom air-cavity was capable of displacing.

Now the improved life-boat is thus constructed, and has the very pipes of communication that we have supposed, and the air-cavity is of such a magnitude, that, when the boat is afloat with its crew on board, the water does not rise in the tubes to the top of the platform or air-cavity, by some inches. The platform is, therefore, as free from water, with its ordinary load, as if there were no openings beneath. And should it be loaded in an extraordinary manner, such as by taking on board the crew of a wrecked vessel, so as to

immerse the whole of the bottom air-cavity and bring the water upon the platform, yet would not the boat sink, because additional air-cells, within the boat, (extending, on each side, the greater part of the length, and from the top of the platform to the level of the gunwale,) would be brought into action, and their buoyancy would soon balance the additional weight taken into the boat.

But, what would be the consequence, if the boat were filled with a wave?—The buoyancy of the air-cavities being much greater than the weight to be floated, the level of the water in the inside would be much higher than the surface at the outside,—consequently, the water would run downward through the tubes in the bottom, until the level within and without were the same, and that would not be, in ordinary cases, until the whole of the water taken in had run out!

Such are the beautiful principles upon which the improved life-boat is constructed, and upon which its excellence depends. We may further remark, in respect to its form and dimensions, that it is less curved in its sheer than Mr. Greathead's boat, but, in other respects, not very different from his model. Its size is, of course, very arbitrary; but it is much to be questioned whether the usual dimensions are not too large, and whether it would not prove a more efficient apparatus if built upon a smaller scale. The life-boat here, (at Bridlington Quay,) is 28 feet in length, over all, nearly 9 feet in width at the greatest breadth, and about 4 feet in depth amidships, from the top of the gunwale to the bottom of the keel. The air-cavity of the bottom is 18 inches in depth about the middle of the boat, diminishing, towards the ends, so as to make a level platform. Both ends of the boat are sharp, and of a similar form. The air-cells within the gunwales extend 16 feet in length, fore and aft, and from the level of the gunwale down to the platform. They are 2 feet 9 inches in breadth, in midships, which

is greatly too much, for they leave only a clear space, for the rowers and passengers, of 3 feet 3 inches in width. But there is also a triangular space at each end for passengers, and additional air-cells in the form of seats within it. And besides all this, there is a belt of cork just below the gunwale, on the outside—partly designed for additional buoyancy and stability, in case of the boat being filled with water, but chiefly as a defence, if the boat should fall along-

side of any vessel. It rows 12 oars, and requires 16 men as its full complement, namely, 12 to pull, and 4 to steer and manage the hawser. It is furnished with a most convenient carriage, upon low wheels—the carriage being so adapted as to form a kind of launch with rollers, which sways up on one of the axles, and gives a free motion and projectile force to the boat, when it is brought to the beach.

REMARKS ON VARIOUS PASSIONS.

PERHAPS, the first sensation of an infant is pain: but the smile of love succeeds, as soon as it begins to take notice, and by that smile it intimates a rising knowledge of the fond and delighted parent whose bosom supplies it with daily nourishment. Thus life and the passion commence. This love, between the mother and the child, is the purest of all the passions: it is connected with complacency, content, and happiness. It is pointed out by placid and regular lines throughout the countenance, and the muscles are then in a state of smoothness and repose. As the child advances to adolescence, a passion is naturally felt for the opposite sex: at first, it is scarcely definable, but it gradually assumes a more definite character, and is not merely connected with sensation, but partakes of the dignity of sentiment. It is not so fully indicated by an appearance of joy in the presence of the beloved person, as by an agitation bordering on confusion, an inattention to every other object, and a want of coolness and of deliberate reflection. It is not so frequently the offspring of good sense and judgment as of an undiscerning impulse; which neither attends to existing circumstances nor to probable consequences: but, when it is founded on those qualities which entitle the possessor to regard and esteem, it becomes, next to the warmth of

genuine religious feeling, the source of the greatest happiness that this world can afford. It is perhaps the most violent when it is ill-founded, like the passion of anger, which is usually more vehement when it arises from trifles, than when it is provoked by affairs of high importance.

Hope not only accompanies love, but is an attendant of every other passion. It is a compound of desire and of fear. A person wishes for some agreeable contingency,—for pleasure, fortune, or fame; but his wish is mingled with an apprehension of disappointment, and he feels alternately an elevation and a depression of spirits. Without a hope of some kind, life would become a scene of languor and dullness; it would be like a stagnant pool, unenlivened by a current. Hope is the animating principle which renders life supportable. If we enter into any profession or trade, we hope to succeed in it: if we have no business to occupy our time, we hope for the varieties of pleasure; if we travel, we hope to be highly gratified, and to return home in safety; when we are ill, we hope soon to be well; when misfortune assails us, we hope for a pleasing change. But, notwithstanding the general prevalence of this species of excitement, there are cases and circumstances in which the long delay of the desired change “makes

the heart sick," and leads to sensations bordering on despair.

As the hope of any great advantage gives to the countenance an air of eagerness and enlivenment, and quickens the palpitation of the heart, the joy which results from success may be supposed to produce those impressions in a stronger degree. Persons whose animal spirits are in full vigor and not under due control, evince their joy, on the first intelligence of a fortunate event, by violent gestures and extravagant actions; and instances have been known of the termination of such paroxysms in death. Inexpressible pleasure dances in the features of those who are less agitated; they move rapidly from one place to another, laugh merrily (and some even shed tears,) and entertain themselves with bright prospects and delightful schemes. When these emotions have subsided, happiness is in a great measure the attendant of joy: the contemplation of the desired success, which at first produced an ecstatic sensation, leads gradually to contentment and satisfaction, which may be termed the repose of joy. Yet even this content is temporary, because almost every one has still something to hope or to wish for.

In proportion as the mind is elevated by joy, it is depressed by grief. Those who are of such dispositions as to feel one strongly, feel the other acutely. A philosopher would say, "Be always composed; let neither joy transport you, nor grief detract from your equanimity; you will then be above the reach or impression of external circumstances." But this is a lesson to which few attend, and which even those by whom it is inculcated do not regularly practise. Grief for the loss of honor or of fortune, or for the death of an esteemed relative, is that passion which, where the feelings of the individual are particularly strong, cannot without extreme difficulty be subdued. An insult or an injury may be for-

given, and the warmth of resentment may be allayed by the coolness of reflection; but, in many cases, grief seizes the soul with such force, after the loss of a husband, a wife, a son or daughter, or a sincere friend, that reason in vain endeavours to shake it off. The moralist argues against its indulgence without effect, because the loss is deemed irreparable. A Stoic once said to a sorrowing friend, "It is useless to lament, as you cannot recall to life the object of your regard."—"That," said the afflicted "is the very reason why I grieve." In cases of violent grief, the organs of life seem to be obstructed, and the heart to be oppressed; the lungs are inflated almost to bursting; deep sighs are essayed for relief, but in vain; the unhappy suffers wring their hands; and raise their eyes as if in silent ejaculation; and the muscles of their mouths are drawn down, so that the countenance exhibits an air of dreadful agony. This is the state which is the most alarming for the safety of the senses; but, when tears and expressions of regret succeed, relief is experienced, and the progress of time brings on deliberate and settled sorrow. This is attended with a composure of features more affecting to the spectator than the vehemence of a paroxysm. The patient (for one who feels morbid melancholy may be so called) feels a general listlessness; he has no desire of exertion, except that of walking in a manner which scarcely implies a consciousness of motion; he avoids the society both of the grave and the gay; his mind seems to be abstracted from all external objects, and to prey upon itself: for him the fair face of nature has no beauty, and the world has lost its charms and attractions. Yet, whatever may be said of the force and intensity of feelings, it is in the power of a strong mind to prevent them from proceeding to this excess, and the duty of every one to check their progress.

THE PILGRIM.

THE fire in Madame St. Orval's parlour threw its red light on her mirthful children, who were seated around it, enjoying the sports of Christmas eve, so congenial to the youthful breast, when a few raps at the street door as if with a good stout stick, silenced and not a little alarmed the cheerful group. The maid servant presently appeared, and announced, that a "man desired to know if he could be accommodated with a bed, for charity's sake, that night." Now the night was bleak and stormy, and certainly appeared more so, contrasted with the fire and the snug warm room. "Show him in," said madame, and in two minutes, a tall handsome youth in pilgrim's attire, made one at the pleasant fireside; he apologized in pure and elegant French, for the intrusion, but said that he was on a pilgrimage to our lady of Loretto, and could not proceed on such a night. Madame St. Orval requested him to refrain from apologies, and said she was very happy to have it in her power to offer him shelter, and then quitted the room to give a few necessary orders. Upon her return, she found the stranger in high favour with all her family; the little ones requested him to *sing*, but he politely declined this request, and they were contented with hearing him recount such a set of droll stories, that Madame St. Orval and her eldest daughter, Emilie, had nearly expired with laughter.

After the departure of the children, the conversation took a literary turn, and the ladies were astonished at the learning, pure taste, elegant discrimination, and amiable sentiments of the pilgrim; a vein however of youthful romance, and knightly gallantry, were observable in his discourse, while the melody and beautiful inflexions of his voice, like a stream of pure and subtle music, ravished the heart. Reader! didst thou ever *feel*

the fascinations of a *voice*? hast *thine* heart been sensible to the enchantment of *tone*? If so, thou wilt agree with me, that the converse of one who has a voice *so* fraught with music, is above all personal beauty. The pilgrim, in the course of the evening, mentioned, as his acquaintances, the names of many Parisian nobles, with most of whom he found Madame St. Orval had once been acquainted, which finally obliged her to declare to him her present circumstances; briefly, she *had* moved in the first metropolitan circles, but her husband dying greatly involved, had obliged her to retire from Paris, to the seclusion and comparative poverty in which her guest beheld her. The youth was too humane to press the subject, and changing it as soon as possible, the happy coterie sat conversing till the tolling of a distant convent bell, for the midnight service, warned them that Christmas Eve was no more.

There is in this world a description of persons whom we may know for years, and yet never become acquainted with; and there is a species of angel beings with whom the converse of half an hour is sufficient to make us allies for ever! and thus it was with the pilgrim, his hostess and her fair daughter. Which of the trio experienced the greatest regret in parting for the night, it is impossible to determine; yet it may suffice to declare that poor Emilie could not close her eyes, from the confusion that her ideas were in; the face, the figure, the garb, the conversation, and above all, the delicious voice of the pilgrim, glanced constantly and confusedly on her mind, like so many bright and ever fluctuating colours; her room adjoined that which was appropriated to the pilgrim, and she heard him pace up and down with hasty steps, apparently as little inclined to rest as herself. After awhile he began to sing

in a low tone, a plaintive but well known romance, and then suddenly changing to a new and exquisite air, chanted in a higher voice, the following stanzas :

BREAKING ! breaking ! Day, thou'rt breaking,
And I have not slumber'd yet ;
But the blessed hours of waking,
Never will my soul forget.
Now the pilgrim's staff I hold,
Tongue be silent, breast be cold !

Breaking ! breaking ! heart, thou'rt breaking
For a bright one, too divine :
I my weary steps am taking
From her ! can she e'er be mine ?
Oh ! the pilgrim's staff I hold,
Tongue be silent, breast be cold !

Breaking ! breaking ! spears are breaking
In the field, where I should be ;
Soon the pilgrim's staff forsaking
Sweet ! my lance shall ring for thee !
Yet until that lance I hold
Tongue be silent, breast be cold !

Emilie listened for more, but no more came, she sighed, she knew not wherefore ; and felt disappointed, she did not know why, and when she slept it was only to dream of the sweetest song she ever heard, sung by youths more lovely than she had ever before beheld.

In the morning, the maid servant entered the room : " Mademoiselle, before the gentleman went, he desired me to give this to you ;" presenting a small packet.

" And is he gone ?" exclaimed Emilie.

" Dear me, yes ! nearly two hours ago."

" Indeed ! but Jeanette, you need not wait."

With slow steps Jeanette retired, and the Demoiselle, on opening the packet, was charmed to behold a beautiful ring ; it was of pure gold, studded with precious stones, and a ruby rose of exquisite workmanship glowed in the middle ; but oh ! more precious than all, these words were written on the paper that enclosed it, "*What my tongue cannot, this may declare.*" Emilie was in a perfect ecstasy, for this sentence so exactly agreed with the romance of the preceding night, that, (with a conceit quite excusable) she now doubted not

as to *who* was the pilgrim's lady-love. This certainty, and this joy however, was a little damped by her mother's sober remark, " that she considered the little present as a very delicate mode of expressing a *gratitude*, which the stranger had neither time nor opportunity to tender *viva voce*."

Many months elapsed, during which the ladies neither saw nor heard of the pilgrim, and Emilie's golden dreams vanished, though she by no means forgot the circumstances of his visit. At this period the affairs of Madame St. Orval, wore a yet more sombre aspect ; debts which she had no idea her late husband had contracted, were claimed ; to aid in their payment her little pittance was lessened, and herself and family nearly reduced to starvation ; her friend the Abbess of Les Sœurs de Misericorde, who possessed a convent at a pretty village near Paris, offered at this juncture, to support Emilie, free of expense, till she professed, if, after that period she would assist in the education of those children and young persons who were sent to the house for instruction. The filial affection of Mademoiselle St. Orval overcame those feelings of repugnance to a monastic life, so natural to her years, and she entered the convent with far less sorrow than she apprehended. A short residence therein, convinced her that the abbess was kind, the nuns kinder, and Henrietta Douville, a young boarder of distinction, kindest of all ; this lady sought her regard most assiduously, and obtained it : she was sprightly, *seemed sincere*, and somehow at times reminded Emilie so strongly of the pilgrim, that, in short, she was irresistible, and the whole story of the stranger, the song, the ring, and the motto, was related to, and indeed after awhile, the two latter shewn her ; for this Henrietta bantered Emilie so amazingly, and so long, that she heartily blamed herself for imprudently making the disclosure, and more heartily still, when Mademoiselle Douville, on quitting the convent about three weeks prior to Emilie's

taking the veil, fairly carried off the pilgrim's precious gift; sorry as the poor novice was for the loss of the trinket, she was more grieved at considering that she could never again regard Henrietta as a *friend*. About two days previous to the awful ceremony which was to exclude her from the world for ever, a nun entered her cell with a note; it was from Mademoiselle Douville, expressed in the most affectionate terms, and requesting to see her immediately in the visitor's parlour: Emilie pleased with Henrietta's repentance, for she doubted not but that she was come to restore the ring, granted her desire, and on entering the room was astonished to see three strangers, two knights and a lady, besides her friend, but they had their backs to her. Mademoiselle expressed great delight at the meeting, and at length begged permission to introduce her father; one of the knights stepped forward and greeted her in the most endearing manner; then the lady turned, and Emilie rushed into her mother's arms. "Do I need an introduction?" said the other knight, advancing, and raising his beaver. Oh! the voice was sufficient, that exquisite voice which had come to one fond girl's spirit, in the stillness of morn, in the stir of midday, and in the deep silence of the dead dull night! One glance was sufficient also, and the astonished Emilie beheld before her *the pilgrim*, in all his proud beauty, and with his eyes glittering for joy. "Will you vouchsafe," said he, "a favourable reception to an old friend?" at the same time presenting the valued ring, within which the cherished motto was now engraved. "Oh? that ring," cried Henrietta, "when I have told you *all*, I trust you will pardon me for the theft of it; at present you will make preparations to quit this convent immediately; as for you, Charles—but I can't talk to you now; come Emilie we've no time to lose;" and she pulled the bewildered girl out of the room, while Madame St. Orval followed. Emilie's heart was full, she felt as if her senses would

leave her, till, in her little cell, a burst of tears relieved a bosom overwrought with amazement and joy. "My dearest child," said the kind mother, "thanks to the father of all, our difficulties are removed; your father's executor, M. Triquet, is a villain." "Who discovered *that*?" cried Emilie. "The young Chevalier Douville," replied Madame, "the story is intricate, but let it suffice, that through the unabated exertions of that admirable young man, his forgeries have been detected, and instead of a weighty debt to *him*, he owes *us* a very considerable sum." "And *did* the pilgrim discover this; and *how*; and *why*?" "Because," replied Henrietta, "my brother thought proper to discover that you—." "Brother? Henrietta, your brother?—Oh! if you *had* but told me so; *why* did you not?" "Why, between *your* communications and *his* letters, I had found out your pilgrim, *incognito*, he gave me strict orders to keep the secret; and to *steal the ring*; *bon!* how I've been bursting to speak, but as poor Charles turned pilgrim on my account, (after my recovery from a dangerous illness) I thought I must humour him in a trifle; you must know, my dear, that *he* deemed it a knightly feat, becoming a wife-seeking chevalier, to set upon that hydra, M. Triquet; well, he has conquered him, and will no doubt demand his reward of *you*, presently in due form." Poor Emilie was greatly agitated, but at length with the assistance of her mother and friend, completed her preparations, and again entered into the parlour. Shall we proceed? No! for the enthusiasm of youth glowing with the most beautiful and noble of *all* fervors, is to be *felt*, not *described*; nor can such be understood, but by those whose own *feelings* have taught them *what* it is. Therefore we will but observe, that the *pilgrim* for his reward, sued not in vain, that the *ring* was worn by his lady to the day of her death, and is now preserved, with the original MS. of the *Chevalier Pilgrim's Song*, by a branch of the family residing at Abbeville.

ON THE INFLUENCE AND MUTABILITY OF OPINION.

THE difference between the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and the present people of England, in regard to the modes of feeling and acting in the common occurrences of life, must be greater than at the present moment we are able to imagine. Yet much of the language we now use is derived from the opinions and habits so different; and it would be a subject of no ordinary interest to trace the variation of meaning these words have undergone, correspondent to the variations of habits and feelings, until they have been moulded into the fashion in which we now find them. Religion is something that approves itself to the conscience of man. Superstition is that state of religion most natural to a depraved and morally ignorant mind. But when that which is at the first simple and natural, though erroneous, is brought under the control of those who would make it an engine of working out private purposes, or who with less guilt, but not leading to less deviation, would refine upon natural instincts, in then becomes changed into a new state, the circumstances of which could not be explained without a knowledge of the personal character of the innovators, or of their particular interests.

Belief in a superintending Providence is natural to man; and where the common reason of our species is suffered to prevail, this opinion is entertained. This Providence must govern the ordinary course of the world; but what passes every day is soon esteemed common; and hence, rare, more especially if they be also surprising appearances, though in their nature as natural and necessary as things the most ordinary, receive more attention, and are regarded as special interpositions of the Deity. And as the daily occurrences of Providence are esteemed trivial merely because they are common, so the

common business of life is thought of less consequence for the same reason; and hence, rare and striking appearances in nature are not referred to them, but to extraordinary events then anticipated or in progress: though perhaps in their nature of less consequence to mankind than the most common circumstance that could happen.

At first, the occurrence of an unexpected and striking appearance directed attention to some event then in progress; and was supposed to influence, or at least foretel its issue. The transition from this to another idea, that such an event could not happen without being foretold, led to a particular watch after extraordinary appearances. When such things are looked after, they are sure to be found; for the wonders of nature are in abundance, and all its appearances may be accounted wonderful, in different senses; indeed, according to the eye of wisdom or ignorance with which they are viewed. But to discover wonders without being able to explain them, would be useless, and would confer no superiority on the observer.

As popular opinions would naturally become an object of attention to the supreme power, striking appearances in nature, that influence such opinions, may well be supposed to have soon attracted the notice of governors; who would take care to appoint those to observe, whom they imagined also most competent to explain; and as all men are not equally skilful in every department of science, we are thus able to account for the division of divination into the departments of necromancy, geomancy, pyromancy, and hydromancy.

Those who now-a-days speak of *circumstances being auspicious* to their wishes, have no idea of expressing by these words what was formerly intended, that the *birds had been observed*, and that their actions were

on the fortunate side : *ab aribus inspiciendis*. *Aruspiceo* in like manner was, from observation of the altar ; *augura* (ab avium garritu) from the chattering of birds. The ridiculous excess to which things of this sort was carried among the wisest people on earth, is a satire on the human kind. The Romans, the greatest masters of state policy in the world, carried chickens with them in their expeditions by land and sea, in order to be guided by them in their proceedings : and so strong was popular opinion, that an unfavourable circumstance from this source would sink the spirits of the bravest people on earth. Claudius Pulcher, in the reign of Tiberius, seeing the enemy's fleet advancing, threw grains to the chickens, that by their eating he might be able to form an opinion of the event of the action. When, however, they refused their food, he threw them into the sea, saying, that at least they should drink their fill : for this action a grave historian considered him guilty of contempt of religion. The feeding, the gait, the voice, the flight, the state of the entrails, of birds, had each its particular signification. That jealous tyrant Tiberius forbade these things from being observed by private individuals, without witnesses ; an order strikingly descriptive of the state of popular opinion, that could make ideas grounded on such foundations a subject of any consequence. We smile at this : yet without going far from home, we can find something not only like it, but derived from the same source,

Throughout Europe, and the whole of Turkey, a blessing is invoked on those who may chance to sneeze ; and the blessing is deemed more efficacious if the individual is saluted by name. This custom was observed by the Romans, for Pliny inquires the reason of it ; and Aristotle mentioning the same observance, says, it is an augural sign, divine and holy. The hand and forehead were minutely inspected in augury ; from whence we conclude that our modern gipsies

have classical authority for the practice of cheiromancy.

Of necromancy, or divination by means of the dead, we know but little ; though of one kind, that of raising the spirits of departed men, we have an account in Homer's *Odyssey* ; and of another sort, the using of the deceased body, there is a particular description in Heliodorus's *Ethiopics* ; but on what authority is uncertain. Much of the magic art was built on an opinion which some very able men in modern days have strenuously defended ; namely, that sympathy exists between certain substances of a similar nature, or that have become accidentally connected. The famous chemist, Sir Kenelm Digby, was a believer in this doctrine ; and the practice now existing among the lower orders of people, of keeping clean, warm, and otherwise particularly attending to metallic instruments that have inflicted a wound, is a relic of the same.

In pagan times, prayers were offered to the deity supposed to preside over the person or thing intended to be influenced ; and as these prayers were supposed to have no efficacy unless they were in verse, and sung, we have thus the origin of the word charm (*carmen*, a song) and enchant, (to sing.) We have a fine specimen of such an invocation in Virgil's eighth Eclogue : a piece that derives additional value from the fact, that the author's father was one of this profession, and probably had communicated some knowledge of it to his son. The association thus produced between the enchanter and the deity or demon through whom the design was to be carried into effect, was established by the most solemn ties, enforced by an oath ; and it was from this mutual swearing that the word *to conjure* is derived—now a term designating the whole practice of sorcery.

The art of medicine was supposed to derive its efficacy from the influence of the heavenly orbs, with which the deities were in intimate union on the human body, and on drugs

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whether mineral or vegetable. The growth and declension of a vegetable, the circulation of its sap, were under the influence of the host of heaven ; and in order to produce its proper effect, should be gathered and employed when these influences were most favourable ; the proper ceremonies must accompany the use, of which song (*carmen*) formed a chief part, to propitiate the presiding demon on whose presence in the drug its virtues depended. Hence, a physician was necessarily an enchanter. A knowledge of astronomy was necessary to ascertain the proper season for procuring and administering medicines ; and hence, in the titles of physicians of the first reputation, three hundred years since, the name of astrologer found a distinguished place.

Man himself was not thought to be exempt from the influence of demons ; on the contrary, maniacal in-

sanity, now supposed to be merely a disease of the body, was in the middle ages universally attributed to *possession* by an evil spirit. This idea might perhaps have been harmless, if it had not given rise to another, that led to the most cruel treatment of the insane. For as it was considered that no evil spirit could take up its abode in the human body, unless by the consent of the person possessed, the most probable method of persuading the unfortunate individual to repent of that consent, was to make him feel the smart of it ; and hence the cure was attempted by the dun-geon and the whip. If this did not expel the devil, it had at least the good effect of inflicting deserved punishment on the sufferer for his previous consent. The church of Rome adopted a more lenient method of proceeding, when it instituted an official service for the expulsion of demons.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

PASSING over the Guadarama mountains, seven leagues north of Madrid, on the 13th of October, 1809, accompanied by some British officers of the Guards, about 80 British soldiers, and several Spaniards, the whole convoyed by a strong escort of French troops, cavalry and infantry, I perceived in the centre of the escort a very interesting looking child, apparently seven years old, sitting with a Spanish female in a kind of cart. The appearance of the boy indicated that he was not a native of a southern climate ; this, together with a naïveté and playfulness in his manner, induced me to address him. I accordingly spoke to him in Spanish, to which he made a suitable reply ; and to my no small surprise, immediately after, he addressed me in English. Having inquired of the female (who appeared to have the boy under her care) where he had learnt to speak the English language, she replied that

the boy was born in Scotland, that his father, who had been a sergeant in the 42d regiment, had served the year before in the British army under Sir John Moore, and was killed at the battle in front of Corunna : previous to which, on the retreat of the British troops from Lugo, the mother, together with the boy, were left behind, sick, in the hospital at Lugo ; that she fell a victim to disease, and her child was found in the hospital, in an abandoned, wretched condition, by the French officer of cavalry, who at that moment commanded the cavalry that convoyed us on our way to France. When an opportunity offered, I introduced the subject to the French commandant, who corroborated the story related by the Spanish lady, who it turned out was his *chère amie*. I then mentioned the circumstance to the British officer, who, as well as myself, conjointly endeavoured to prevail on the French officer to give up the child to his natural

protectors, but all our arguments and entreaties were in vain, for he was so much attached to the boy, that he would not part with him on any account.

At this period, independent of his history, the manners of the child were extremely interesting, and he could speak four different languages with no small degree of fluency. French, he acquired from the French officer; German, from the officer's servant, who happened to be of the Saxon contingent; Spanish, from the female, who could not speak a word of French; and he still retained a knowledge of his native tongue. We journeyed together three weeks longer towards the French frontier, and on our arrival at Tolosa, 30 miles south of Bayonne, the French commandant received orders to conduct the Spanish prisoners of war to the fortress of Pampeluna, while the British wounded, who fell into the hands of the enemy in the hospital after the battle of Talavera, were ordered to prosecute their march to France; but (as I was subsequently informed) the road to Pampeluna being intercepted by the Spanish Guerillas, it was necessary that the French officer should restore the communication at the head of a large force. In the mean time he left his establishment at Tolosa, until it would be prudent to order it to rejoin him; but the Spanish lady (on account of living with a French officer) dreaded the resentment of her countrymen so much, that in a few days after the departure of the French officer, she fled, and deserted the child in her charge.

About a month after this period, Captain, now Major H—, of the 23d dragoons, whose wounds did not permit him to accompany us from Madrid, in passing through Tolosa on his way to Verdun, accidentally heard that there was an English boy in an abandoned, forlorn condition in the town. He immediately took the child under his protection, and having heard at Orleans that I had received a passport to return to Eng-

land, and being anxious that I should convey some letters to his family, ventured to proceed to Paris; here I recognized my little travelling companion, who recollected me immediately. In a few days I prevailed on Captain H— to allow me to take the boy to England; and having presented my little protégé at the Bureau de Guerre, his manners and history soon obtained permission for him to return home.

Previous to leaving the French metropolis Captain H— gave me a letter, addressed to his royal highness the Duke of York, the founder of the Military Asylum, and another letter to the Marquis of Huntley, colonel of the regiment in which the boy's father had served. On my arrival in London I lost no time in delivering these letters, and soon after was, together with the child, honoured by an interview with his royal highness, who was very much pleased with the boy, took him in his arms, and spoke to him in French and German, to which the little fellow made suitable answers. His royal highness was pleased to make every necessary arrangement for the boy's admission into the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, with as little delay as possible. Lord Huntley, on receipt of Captain H.'s letter, immediately wrote to the colonel of the 1st battalion, 42d regiment, then quartered at Canterbury, to make inquiry if the child had any friends living in Scotland.

In a few days after, it being necessary to procure the Marquis of Huntley's signature to some papers, previous to the boy's admission into the asylum, I, together with my little protégé, was proceeding to Richmond House for that purpose, when, on our arrival in Charing Cross, I perceived a soldier, in the Highland uniform, walking leisurely about 100 yards before me; I soon overtook this man, who happened to serve in the 42d regiment, and having inquired of him if he had been acquainted with Sergeant McCullum of his regiment, who was killed the year

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before at Corunna, he answered, "Sir, I did not know any man of that name who was killed, but will you be so good as to tell me why you have asked me that question." Because, said I, pointing out to him the boy, that is his child, whom I first found in Spain.—"Oh! sir," said he, rushing over to the boy, "he is my child; James, don't you know me?" The scene that took place cannot be described. Alternation of joy and grief, exultation and despondency, depicted in the countenance, and evinced in the manner of this soldier, on the sudden discovery of his long-lost child, and on his being simultaneously made acquainted with the death of his wife. I must confess it affected me so much, that, as well to repress my feelings as to avoid the crowd that collected around us in the street, I was obliged to retire into the next shop that presented itself. In a short time we proceeded together to Richmond House, where, after having presented my protegee to Lord Huntley, I related to his lordship the discovery I had just made, and the extraordinary circumstance attending it. On the soldier being brought forward, he delivered a letter to Lord Huntley from Colonel Sterling, then commanding the 1st battalion, 42d regiment at Canterbury, which stated, that he was happy to inform his lordship, that the man alluded to in his lord-

ship's letter, relative to an orphan boy of the regiment, was severely wounded at Corunna, but not killed, and was the bearer of his letter, and he had sent the man to town without making him acquainted with the object of his journey.

It then appeared that this soldier was in the act of proceeding to Richmond House with this letter to Lord Huntley, when I accidentally fell in with him. A few days after the boy was admitted into the Royal Military Asylum, where he now is. We parted from each other with mutual regret; he wept so bitterly that his tears were nearly contagious.

In justice to Lord Huntley, I must add, that his lordship, in a very handsome manner, offered to remunerate me for the expenses I had incurred in clothing and bringing the boy to England, which I begged leave to decline, stating, that whatever little merit might be ascribed to me for taking care of the boy, would in my opinion be done away with by accepting any pecuniary recompense; I therefore hoped his lordship would excuse my receiving any. Lord Huntley was then pleased to say, it was evident, from the appearance of the boy that I had taken every possible care of him, and added, that he would be happy at any time to do any thing in his power to forward my promotion.

VARIETIES.

A SINGULAR turn of address was performed at Bath the other day by a chevalier of industry, who found himself, on the sudden, in want of a pair of boots, and also in want of money to purchase them. Having some doubts, probably, although he was living at an inn of respectability, as to the faith of the tradesmen of Bath, after the rude shocks which it is so constantly receiving from parties who make it, during "the season," their place of abode, he called upon two

shoemakers in opposite quarters of the city, and desired to have some boots sent to the White Lion for his inspection. The first dealer, who was a resident in Milsom-street, came according to order, and found his customer at breakfast; and, after some trouble, fitted him with a neat pair of "Wellingtons;" which the party fitted was just taking out his purse to pay for, when—walking two or three times up and down the room to try the "effect" of them—he found that

"the left boot was tighter rather than he liked it." The right "fitted perfectly well;" but "the left wanted stretching across the instep." Accordingly, the offending equipment was drawn off, and the maker desired "to take it back, and put it upon the tree for a couple of hours," at the end of which time it would fit completely. The Milsom-street boot-maker went away, leaving his customer with one boot on and one slipper; and of course, leaving the affair of "payment" until he returned with the fellow-boot at "two o'clock;" and he was scarcely out of sight, when the artist from "Crescent-street" arrived, and found Captain C—— still at breakfast, in his slippers. The last dealer—unconscious of the ceremony which had taken place prior to his appearance, tried on all the boots that he had brought; but not a pair would fit, except one pair of "Wellingtons;" and these had the fault, that "the right boot pinched a little across the toe," and required "putting upon the tree for an hour or two." The second maker departed as the first had done, and was gratified with an order to "bring up an assortment of morocco slippers with him" at the same time when he brought the "right boot," as Captain C—— had been recommended to him, and was determined to give him "an order" worth having. It is hardly necessary to add, that the right and left boots which had visited the "trees," were brought home regularly at two o'clock; but their fellows had disappeared some hours before, in company with the excellent "captain." Dinner was ordered at "eight;" and the ceremony of laying the cloth instructed the waiters that two table spoons were missing; but the "captain" did not return.

FATAL BOAST.

In the course of conversation, our hostess, the *Juffrona Marté*, gave an account of the recent death of one of her relations in the following manner: On the 1st of January a party of friends and neighbours had met to-

gether to celebrate New Year's Day, and having got heated with liquor, began each boastfully to relate the feats of hardihood they had performed. Mare, who had been a great hunter of elephants (having killed in his day above forty of those gigantic animals) laid a wager that he would go into the forest, and pluck three hairs out of an elephant's tail. The feat he actually performed, and returned safely with the trophy to his comrades. But not satisfied with this daring specimen of his audacity, he laid another bet that he would return and shoot the same animal on the instant. He went accordingly, with his mighty roar,—but never returned. He approached too incautiously, and his first shot not proving effective, the enraged animal rushed upon him before he could re-load, or make his escape and having first thrust his tremendous tusks through his body, trampled him to a cake.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

"A New History of England," in 12mo., for Young Persons, by a Clergyman of the Church of England, is announced.

THE HOUR OF BLISS.

'Tis sweet to sit in the twilight hour
With the friend beloved—and gaze on high
At the countless stars—the bright, bright worlds
That tell us of Immortality!

'Tis sweet to wander at deep midnight
'Neath the summer moon, on some lone
shore;—

To look on the silver-crested wave,
And talk of days that return no more.

'Tis sweet to roam through the woodland glen
With those who gladden our earthly lot—
To gather wild flowers—and breathe the words,
"Forget me not,—O, forget me not!"

But sweeter and dearer—dearer FAR,
To kneel in the holy house of prayer
With the chosen One, when each thought is
hushed
That reminds us of a world of care!

To whisper together words of praise—
The tears of a contrite heart to shed—
To call down with true and tender zeal
Heaven's blessings on each other's head.

'Tis then that the soul may comprehend
The joys of a purer world than this—
'Tis then that we love as Spirits love—
—O that is the one,—one hour of bliss!

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